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February 11, 1928

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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

Two newly discovered letters written by

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Jungle Rescue" by Delia J. Akeley

More than 1,600,000 Cir

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FEB. 11, 1928

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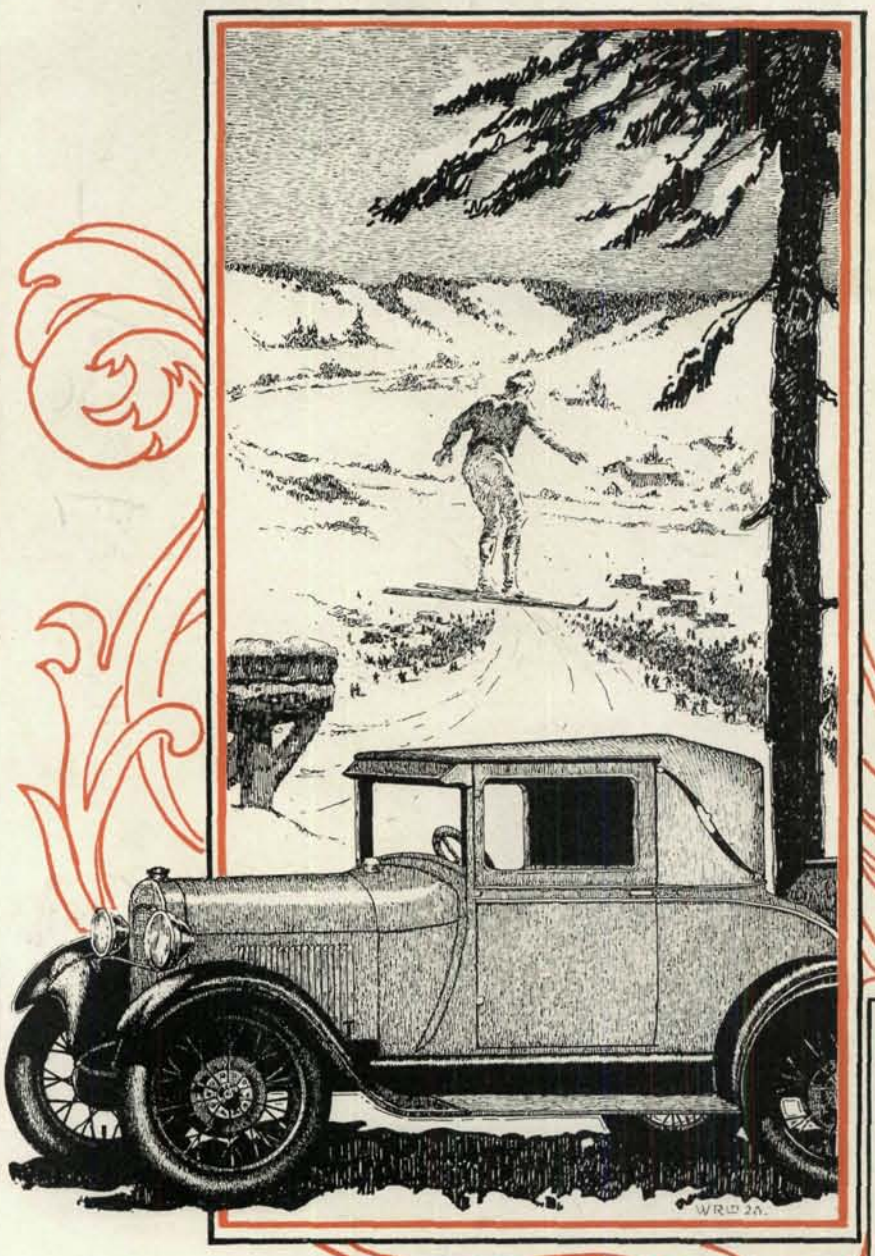

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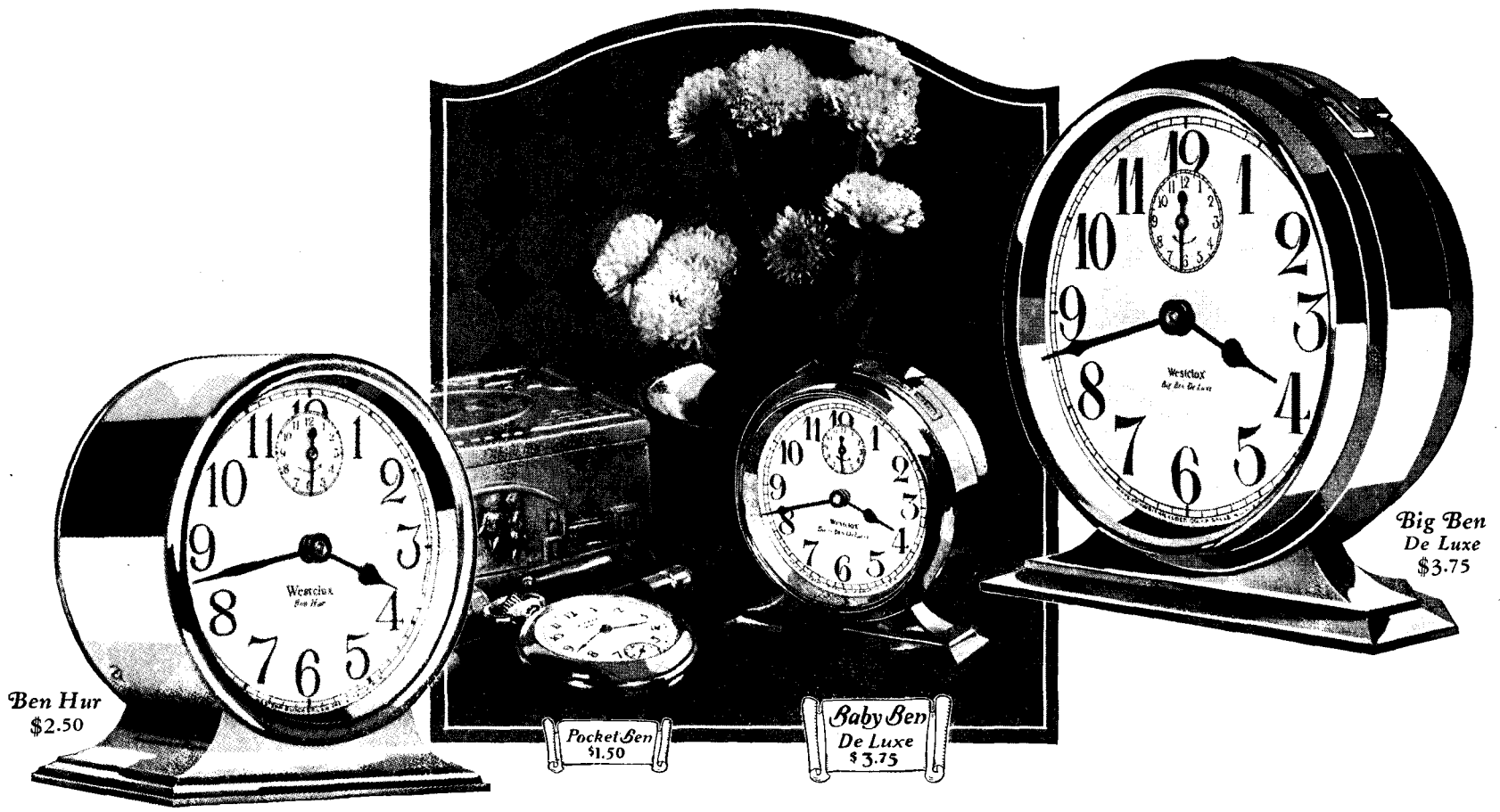

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The apprentice took seven years to learn a business

Before the days of commercial printing, seven years was considered little enough time for a youth to learn the details of a trade or craft.

He needed all of seven years. He could learn only by watching others, by word of mouth, by trial and error. There was no chance to *read* all about the business. Indeed, the more important facts about a business—its history, its policies, its ideals, the sources of its material, the treatment of material, the methods of marketing the goods—were jealously guarded secrets.

By the "Custom of London," an apprentice served seven wearisome years, without wages; board and lodging provided, and the privilege of corporeal punishment granted to the master—that was Opportunity. Men are alive today whose fathers signed their "indentures of apprenticeship."

What does the young man taking his first job find today? Even before he goes to work he is given literature to read. Printing tells him what type of employee the store or factory or office wishes to employ. Printing tells him how the firm's products are made, how they are sold, how they are serviced. Printing tells him how customers are secured, how complaints are handled. Printing tells him what questions are most frequently asked and what the answers are.

By studying the booklets, folders, house magazines and other printed pieces, a new employee can in a few weeks learn facts that the poor apprentice took years to acquire.

The more printing and the better printing there is, the easier and the quicker the new employee can learn the work he is to do. The less printing there is, the more the young man should question whether or not he has cast his lot with a business that is destined to grow greater, or even to retain the importance which it has.

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February 11, 1928

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Fine Fellows

A stirring story of the Royal Air Force and a group of brave young men who never let themselves think too much

By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

"Climb in and try your luck again," Collet said and grinned as he saw Preest wince

HANRAY examined the map on the dashboard and, content, glided down until, circling low, he could identify the rude airdrome below him. Then, remembering Preest, he glanced over his shoulder. Preest wasn't there, and Hanray cursed quietly to himself as he circled the airdrome again with his hand hovering above the twin throttles. He sighted another Camel whisking across the map underneath him, a tiny plane which, as it flew beneath Hanray, gave the illusion of skimming over a flat and even earth. Hanray cursed again.

Just like the kid to land without checking. How did he know whether this was the 'drome they aimed at? Might have been a German nest for all Preest knew. Too anxious to feel the ground under his feet; that's what was the matter with Preest. . . .

Hanray throttled down and skimmed earthward for his landing. Having laid dainty wheels upon the rough surface of the airdrome, he kept his prop spinning on his switch and looked about him again for his companion: again Preest was not to be found. Hanray cursed once more; then, following the gaze of three pilots who stood by the hangars, he looked upward. There was Preest, still circling the airdrome, his wings catching the tint of sundown, his engine roaring in the evening quiet.

"My luck!" said Hanray. He taxied in with a flourish, thinking bitter thoughts. "It's like the young idiot to make a rotten landing and set the whole squadron laughing at us! Air shy! Got a wind up enough to float a Zep. Hope he cracks up."

But as he taxied in, Hanray kept one eye on Preest's darting plane, and he scrambled out of his machine to watch Preest's landing with anxious eyes that gave no confirmation of his wish that the kid might crack up.

Preest meanwhile was making that exhibition of bad landing which was the hall mark and affliction of some hundreds of war pilots who went to do battle in the air without first having learned to fly. As he went roaring for the second time around the airdrome of Sixty-three Squadron, Preest knew that his landing depended on sheer luck. If he brought the tricky little plane down without smashing it, it would be luck, that's all.

That's what it had always been. He had never learned to fly; he had no mind or feel for it, and rotary motors were beyond his ken—he always choked them. When he landed safely it was because he did the right thing. Why, he didn't know. Luck—that's what it was—and some day it would fail him. Some day he would fall into a side slip or spin; he would stall his machine while landing, or the engine would fail in the take-off and he'd turn with the wind under his wing. It was sure to come, that last flight. The crash—the death; it was sure to come. The flight which would kill him. . . . This might be the flight. . . . He hadn't landed yet.

"Damn it! Why didn't they cut away those trees?"

HE BRUSHED the tree tops and straightened out for his landing. Then he changed his mind. Not low enough. He let his nose drop and lurched downward. Then, at the moment when he should have leveled off, he saw that he was side slipping.

"Oh damn!" he sobbed to himself, glimpsing disaster.

He pressed his stick against the slip and banked too far the other way. He hit the ground on one wheel, and bounced. He wiggled his rudder furiously and hit on both wheels. One of his tires popped. He shoved forward his throttle to give her a burst of air, but his engine choked and died incontinently. Then he found himself resting on one wing in the middle of the airdrome with nothing broken but a tire, and he saw a half dozen mechanics running toward him while a group of pilots stood at the tarmac and stared.

Preest panted, striving to rid himself of the chill which made his body quiver. He knew that his face was pale as bleached grasses, and he swore to himself with bitter, unmentionable words. He swore at the cold of the high spaces above the Channel. He swore at the fates which had put him to flying Camels and had given him rotary motors to control. He swore at

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He fired as he would have fired at a charging lion and the Fokker fell from its circle

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

his clumsiness, at his helplessness. He swore because he caught in the eyes of the flight sergeant who addressed him a knowledge of his fear. He brushed from his lip a film of perspiration, then seeing that the flight sergeant observed the trembling of his hand, he responded sharply to the ritual which the man at his prop had started.

"Switch off, petrol open!" he snapped.

And now Hanray was crossing the airdrome toward him, and an officer of squadron—Collet himself, probably.

"Petrol off, sir?" queried the sergeant.

"Petrol off!" snapped Preest, and was suddenly filled with anger at Hanray's coming. . . . Gloating, that's what old Hanray was up to. . . . Wanted to hear what the C. O. would have to say to him.

"Come on," he cried impatiently. "Turn her over!"

"Contact, sir?"

"Contact!" he cried, snapping up the switch.

The engine roared into life.

"Easy, sir," advised the flight sergeant paternally. "The 'drome's rough in spots."

PREEST, incensed at the man's solicitude, remembering how Hanray had taxied in with a flourish, blipped his engine spitefully and proceeded in vicious charges which dragged the mechanics, running, at his wing tips as they conducted him to the tarmac. Major Collet and Hanray had to retrace their way to the hangars in the wake of Preest's prop, which didn't serve to add warmth to the C. O.'s greeting.

Collet arrived at the tarmac while Preest clambered from his cockpit. Hanray hovered in the offing.

"Bloody awful landing that," said Collet coolly. "Think you were flying an Avro?"

Preest gazed with unyielding hazel eyes into the gray eyes of his commander.

"No, sir," he said, "but I always have to trust to luck when I land a Camel."

"Well, climb in and try your luck again," said Collet. And his straight mouth grinned beneath his dark mustache as he saw Preest's eyes wince.

"Very well, sir," said Preest.

He turned again to the little machine which he had that afternoon ferried over from England, and clambered into the cockpit once more with his mind struggling for a fatalism which might cope with his fear that this flight, like every flight he had taken since his solo, might be his last; and after he had settled himself in his seat he took off his flying helmet, handed it to the mechanic who stood beneath him, met the eye of Major Collet, who stood at the end of his left wing, and smiled.

Collet, who was years older — five years older—than Preest, and who wore his mustache, his crown of office, his Military Cross, and his reputation as a notable downer of enemy planes with the hard price of a dauntless young realist, was not so young nor so hard as to miss the significance of that smile. A long list of officers commanding, flying instructors, medical examiners and air ministry officials had seen that smile before him and, responding to it, had pardoned in Preest much that had made ground officers of many aspiring pilots. For Preest's smile was without guile. It revealed all his youth and the fear of his youth, which, knowing the splendor of life, strove mightily to retain it; and, also, Preest's smile revealed a courage which recognized the fear that kept him company and defied it.

"Don't be a bloody fool," snapped Collet. "Don't you know there's not enough petrol in your tank to take you out on to the 'drome. Climb out of that machine and find your quarters."

After dinner Preest walked on the airdrome. The night was black, and uncountable stars spangled the sky above. Yet the stars did not relieve the blackness. No light shone from the huts and hangars, and nothing in the darkness seemed to move. But the night was full of noises.

From a far distance there was the noise of gunfire, a dull rumbling which had the quality of a grumbling complaint. Off upon some distant road motor lorries droned and chattered without ceasing. From the messroom sounded the laughter and loud voices of Preest's brother officers, and, accompanying them with unconscious banality, the mechanics' band played sonorously in a shed at the far end of the 'drome.

Take me back
To the shack
Where the black
Eyed Susans grow!

blared the band, while the lorries, bearing their secret burdens of men and munitions, droned up to the front, and the distant guns made preparation for their coming.

That meant there was a show going forward; that the squadron would see plenty of action. Seven new pilots in two days. . . . Things must be pretty active along this part of the front. And he was going up to fight. Taking up a Camel to fight with.

Preest found himself grinning at the thought. It wasn't hard to imagine how it felt to die. Not much worse than that crash which had knocked him out. BLAM! A rush of noise and a blare of light—then, nothing. That was all. You just didn't come to again, that was the only difference. . . .

ANYWAY, he wouldn't have to bother about choked engines, side slips and bad landings any more. That would all take second place now. The dangers of actual flight were small things in the face of active service.

He walked back to his quarters and found his roommate, a lanky blond young man named Humphries, exchanging drinks and anecdotes by candlelight with Warburton, his flight commander.

"Hullo! Where you been?" greeted Humphries.

"Taking a stroll," said Preest. "Good evening, sir." This to Warburton, who immediately arose and filled a glass for Preest's refreshment.

"Don't take the old man too seriously," said Warburton. "He didn't mean to strafe you when you landed tonight. It's just his way."

"You did make a bloody bad landing, though," said Humphries.

"I know," confessed Preest. "I've never learned how to land the damned things, that's all."

Humphries nodded seriously.

"They're tricky," he said. "It's all in your flying speed. They've got to have lots of it, that's all. Give 'em all sorts of flying speed and they're as good as gold. Hold 'em up on a glide or take a vertical turn nose high and the little devils'll kill you."

The door opened and an exceedingly tall youth in pajamas stood and swayed above Warburton.

"Shot to hell!" cried the newcomer. "Saw him go down with my own eyes, an' his head was red as a bloominoppy —poppy. Juz redsa poppy. Told him

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it would happen. Warned him. Said, 'Don't try to stunt out of it, fly straight.' That's what I said. An' now he's shot all to bits. All to bits. Shot. . . ."

His voice died away as he trailed off into tears. Warburton gazed up at him seriously. The tall youth stood and swayed in the doorway, tears rolling down his face, which was set in a perturbed and mournful query.

"Drunk," said Warburton. "Drunk as a lord." He rose to his feet and stood beside the tearful one. "He and Grandin have been at it since we landed."

"Is that Grandin singing?" grinned Humphries.

Warburton nodded.

"I'll have to see 'em to bed." He turned to Preest apologetically. "We go up at seven in the morning," he said. "Offensive patrol. So I'd turn in early if you ask me. We are."

PREEST nodded and exchanged good nights with him as Warburton led the tall man out into the blackness of the airdrome.

"Who was that?" he asked as he turned back to the candlelight.

"Morley-Compton," explained Humphries. "Poor devil saw Racher go west this afternoon, and he's been drinking it off ever since. Here's more."

They came into the hut with a great tramping of feet, and the slightly forced good cheer with which young men greet strange young men. There was Locke of D Flight, red-faced, blunt and cheery; Bellflame of the twisted nose, who had a heart of gold under as sour a visage as ever adorned a man, and Squires, whose guileless face bore the lines and puffs of hard drinking. All were young, and all had the common knack of smiling readily and often, yet all of them looked out of farseeing, contemplative eyes which seemed to dwell upon an object infinitely distant yet very clearly seen.

They sat and talked of many things, striving to make Preest feel at home among them. They talked of England, and what was afoot in England now. They talked of their homes and the newspapers, of the theatres and scenery.

They departed early, for early flying does not reward late hours with security, and Preest found himself going to bed in the dark, the candle having succumbed to the amenities. Humphries became silent with the darkness, and Preest found no words with which to break the silence. There were words in his mind, but they were not words which a man might speak.

"Fine fellows," he was thinking. "Fine fellows, all of them. And all going up in the morning—" And then the thought which flashed in his mind like a knife blade catching the sunlight, "Ah, don't let them die. . . ."

In the morning Hanray was waiting to buttonhole him as he emerged from his hut with Humphries. He drew Preest aside.

"Nervy?" asked the simple fellow.

Preest looked up at him—Hanray was tall—and smiled. He understood the intense, slow-witted fellow so much more clearly than Hanray understood himself.

"No," he said.

Whereupon Hanray adjured him to buck up.

"Just stick to your flight, and fight like hell. If you're scared, forget it. It's the fighter that lives the longest. They steer clear of him. Fight, see? If you turn tail, they'll get you."

"Thanks," said Preest. "I know what you mean, Hanny. But how about yourself?"

Hanray flushed and stared at Preest, popeyed with resentment.

"I'm all right," he said. "Watch me."

But Preest was remembering the dull, reluctant hours he had spent on the machine-gun ranges, the hours he had put into camera fighting, and diving on ground targets — all those hours which Hanray, the confident, had shirked for the diversions of the mess-room, the billiard table, the village inn and the ladies of the town.

"Well, be careful, old man," he said.

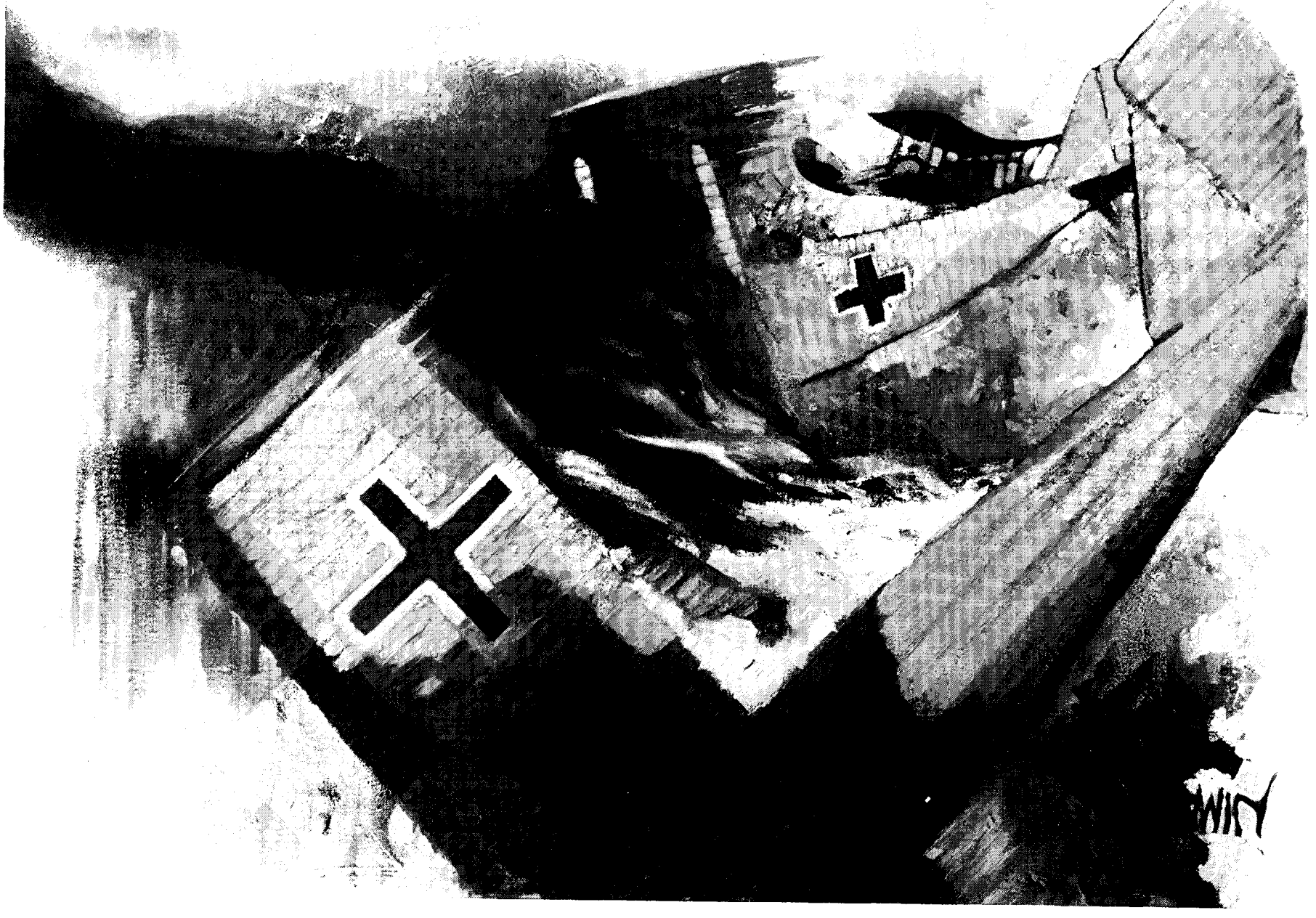
HE GRASPED Hanray by the arm as they walked in to breakfast. It was the sort of thing which made the Hanrays and Collets tolerant of a kid who was obviously air shy; by which expression they denied their secret belief that he was a coward.

Bellflame caught Preest's eye and invited him to a seat beside him. He was toasting a slice of bread at a small stove which was designed to heat one half the room. A like stove near the door had a group of pilots about it who, with coffee mugs in hand, talked in subdued and spiritless voices. They hailed Preest and Hanray from all sides, anxious to make them welcome. Preest said few words, for again his mind was occupied with the unmentionable. He was considering how reluctant he was to realize that he must take up a Camel in half an hour's time for the last test the war demanded. To fight? He was going aloft with these pleasant young men to fight. To fight, and kill — to be killed. They wouldn't all return. . . . He caught the eye of Morley-Compton, who winked at him from a face which was pale and drawn. . . . And Preest remembered what he had heard of Racher's death. . . . His head all red—like a poppy!

When he climbed into his machine at seven he felt for the first time no fear of flying. He looked down the line of Camels which were bursting into noisy life as their pilots gave them contact. Humphries was on one side of him, Bellflame on the other. Beyond Humphries was Warburton, then Locke and Squires. They taxied out to the airdrome one after another, and took off in formation with a precision and beauty of flight which aroused in Preest an ecstasy of pleasure. Up, up, they winged their way, until he could see the three planes before him with the silver sunlight on their wings, and the planes of Locke and Bellflame, who flew to his right, moving with him as though attached to his own machine by a rod.

THEY fired their machine guns as they passed over the lines, and swung northward until the sea came into view like a river of silver between the land and the horizon. Preest looked about him. The air was devoid of any other planes; for the first time in his flying life he felt strangely secure and content. Surrounded by his comrades he felt safe—safe against even engine trouble or accident. Then it came into his mind that he was behind the enemy lines. Down below him was German territory. Before him, under the rising sun, was the land of his enemies. . . .

Warburton swerved and dipped. Preest looked (*Continued on page 28*)



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Lincoln Writes Home

Engraved by
CLARENCE
PEARSON
HORNUNG
from a photograph

In 1848, when Lincoln wrote of intimate affairs to "Dear Mary"

IN PRESENTING here and now these two revealing letters written eighty years ago by Abraham Lincoln, we might take note that he is the one human figure in American history most written about.

More than 2,800 books must be looked over, and several hundred read, and a few dozen read and reread, by anyone who wants to go the distance in getting to the original source data covering the Lincoln life and personality.

His own letters, speeches, and authenticated everyday talk, naturally, form the big item and hold the main answers to the questions, "What kind of man was he? What were his ways with men, women and children?" And yet, even though Lincoln is an honest witness about himself and his veracity rating is not merely fair or good but "excellent," the autobiographic material from his own hand does not tell the whole story. A lawyer as shrewd in human motives as Lincoln and a politician as subtle as he in the grasp of complex forces of mass action and of personal ambition often finds explanatory words useless and falls back on stories, illustrations, cases in point or fables. He stands comparison, in some phases, with that philosopher, "mounted on the airy stilts of abstraction," who walked deep in labyrinths of thought along a city sidewalk, not noticing where he was going, and suddenly bumped another pedestrian off the sidewalk into a gutter.

The stranger picked himself up and expostulated, "Who do you think you are?" And the philosopher answered, "Ach! ach! my friend and brother, I wish I could tell you that!"

Year before last a biography of Lincoln was published containing the first letter of length or value that had ever come to light giving substantial evidence of Lincoln's relationship to his wife: what were the things of familiarity and common thought between the two; what was their interchange of speech.

That letter was dated "Washington, July 2, 1848," dealt with a variety of topics in a pleasant, gossipy way and closed with remembrances for the two small boys at home: "Kiss and love the dear rascals."

Tenderness and Modesty

NOW a letter of similar character and trend, one that couples perfectly with the aforementioned letter, has come into the possession of Oliver R. Barrett, the keen and tireless Chicago lawyer who has built across decades a remarkable collection of Lincoln manuscripts, and who is to be thanked for having rescued from obscurity inestimably valuable documents that might otherwise have been lost.

This newly found letter is dated Washington, April 16, 1848.

She had gone westward and homeward from Washington. He addresses the letter to her at Lexington, Ky., where she is visiting some of her relatives.

He tells her that obedient to her wishes he has been on a hunt in Washington stores for plaid stockings for the boys. He tells of "a very pretty set of shirt-bosom studs" he has bought for himself at fifty cents apiece or "$1.50 for the whole." He asks her to leave off the "Hon." before his name in addressing letters to him at Washington. He is sympathetic about her headaches, advises her, "Get weighed and write me how much you weigh."

The text of the letter is as follows:

Dear Mary:

In this troublesome world, we are never quite satisfied. When you were here, I thought you hindered me some in attending to business; but now, having nothing but business—no vanity—it has grown exceedingly tasteless to me. I hate to sit down and direct documents, and I hate to stay in this old room by myself. You know I told you in last Sunday's letter I was going to make a little speech during the week, but the week has passed away without my getting a chance to do so, and now my interest in the subject has passed away too. Your second and third letters have been received since I wrote before. Dear Eddy thinks father is "gone tapila." Has any further discovery been made as to the breaking into your grandmother's house? If I were she I would not remain there alone. You mention that your Uncle John Parker is likely to be at Lexington. Don't forget to present him my very kindest regards.

I went yesterday to hunt the little plaid stockings as you wished, but found that McKnight has quit business and Allen had not a single pair of the description you give and only one plaid pair of any sort that I thought would fit "Eddy's dear little feet." I have a notion to make another trial tomorrow morning. If I could get them, I have an excellent chance of sending them. Mr. Warrich Tunstall of St. Louis is here. He is to leave early this week and to go by Lexington. He says he knows you, and will call to see you, and he voluntarily asked if I had not some package to send to you.

I wish you to enjoy yourself in every possible way, but is there no danger of wounding the feelings of your good father by being so openly intimate with the Wickliffe family?

Mrs. Broome has not removed yet, but she thinks of doing so tomorrow. All the house or rather all with whom you were on decided good terms send their love to you. The others say nothing. Very soon after you went away I got what I think a very pretty set of shirt-bosom studs—modest little ones, jet set in gold, only costing 50 cents apiece or $1.50 for the whole.

Suppose you do not prefix the "Hon." to the address on your letters to me any more. I like the letters very much but I would rather they should not have that upon them. It is not necessary,

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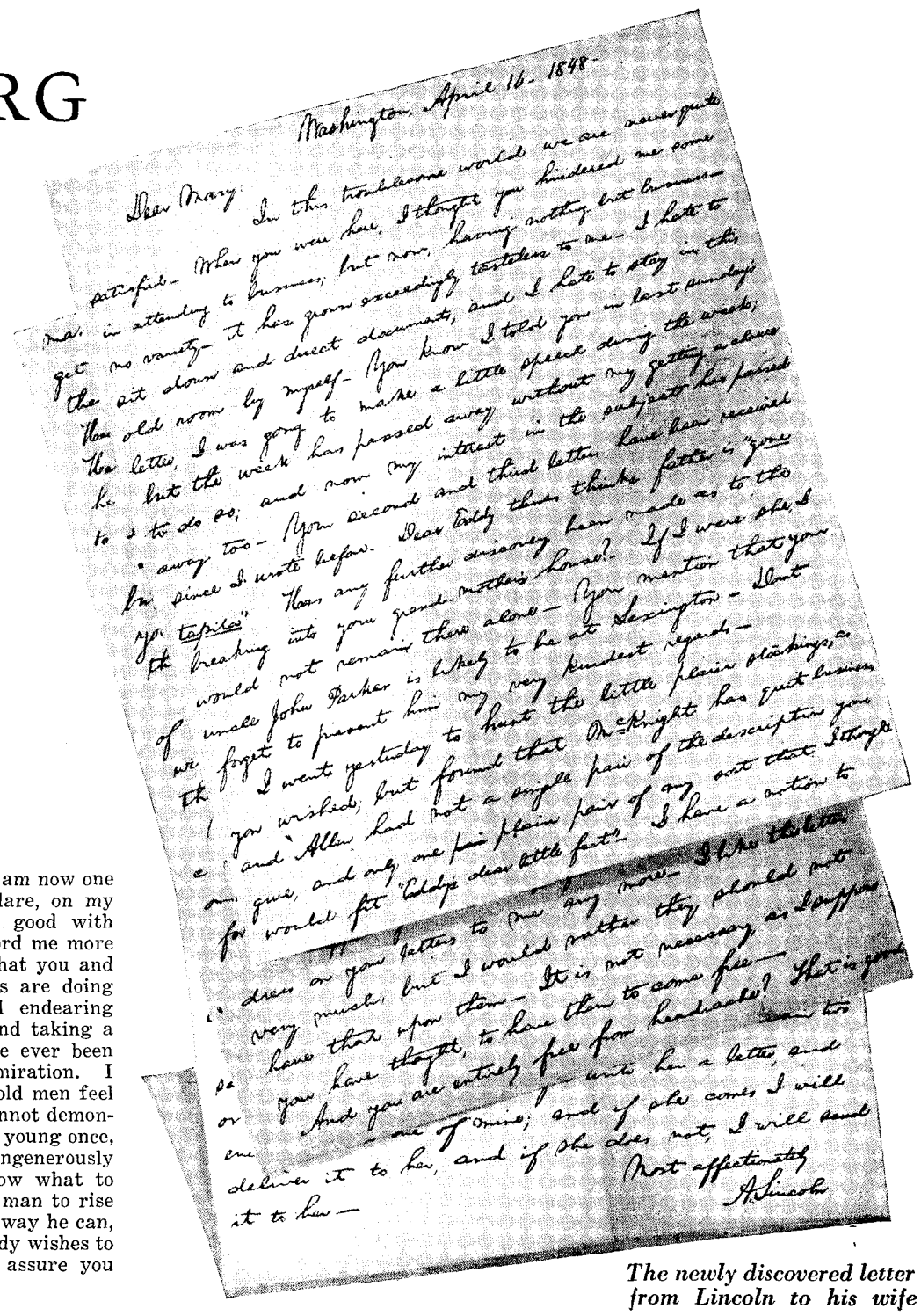
By CARL SANDBURG

Here are two of Abraham Lincoln's letters hitherto unpublished—one to his wife and one to his law partner



The newly discovered letter from Lincoln to his wife

as I suppose you have thought, to have them come free.

And you are entirely free from headache? That is good—good considering it is the first spring you have been free from it since we were acquainted—I am afraid you will get so well and fat and young as to be wanting to marry again. Tell Louisa I want her to watch you a little for me. Get weighed and write me how much you weigh.

I did not get rid of the impression of that foolish dream about dear Bobby till I got your letter written the same day. What did he and Eddy think of the little letters father sent them? Don't let the blessed fellows forget father.

A day or two ago Mr. Strong, here in Congress, said to me that Matilda would visit here within two or three weeks. Suppose you write her a letter, and enclose it in one of mine, and if she comes I will deliver it to her, and if she does not, I will send it to her.

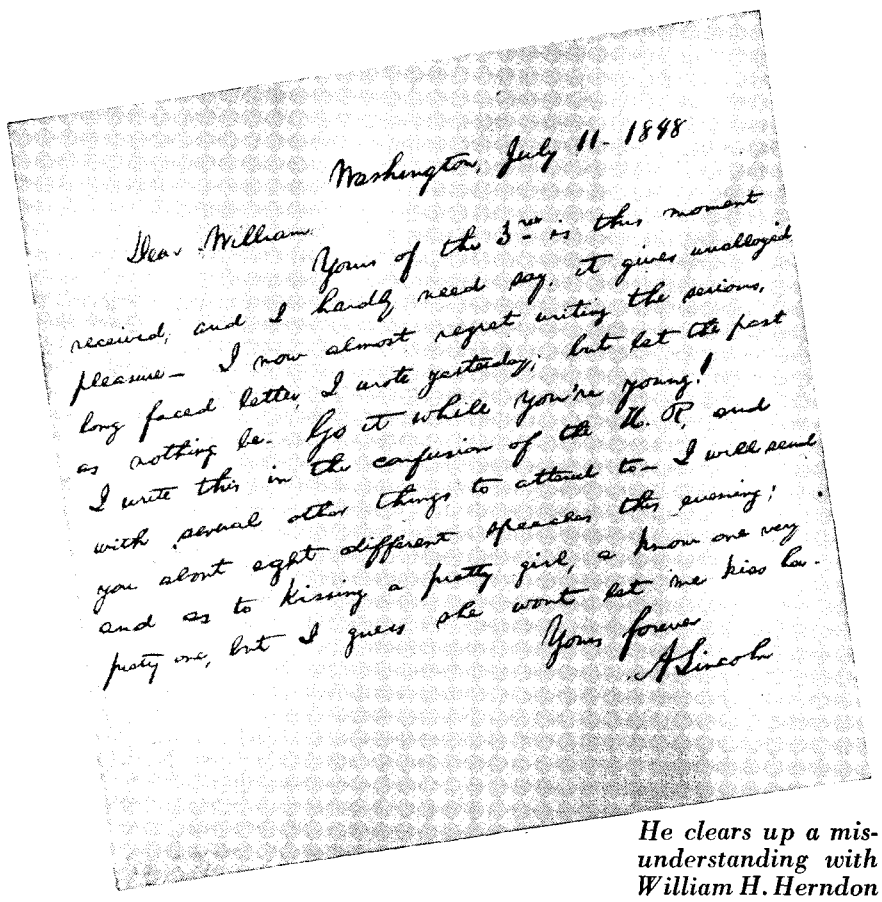
Most affectionately,
A. LINCOLN.

A Pretty Girl of Mystery

THE second letter in our exhibit is also from the Barrett collection. Lincoln wrote it while at his desk in the House of Representatives, July 11, 1848, addressing it to "Dear William," meaning William Henry Herndon, his law partner and political associate back home at Springfield, Ill. In previous exchanges of letters in preceding weeks Lincoln and Herndon came to a misunderstanding, to displays of temperament.

Lincoln had written his associate, younger by nine years, information and advice as follows:

Your letter is exceedingly painful to me; and I cannot but think there is some mistake in your impression of the motives of the old men. I suppose I am now one of the old men; and I declare, on my veracity, which I think is good with you, that nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends are doing battle in the contest, and endearing themselves to the people, and taking a stand far above any I have ever been able to reach in their admiration. I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course, I cannot demonstrate what I say, but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back. I hardly know what to say. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.



He clears up a misunderstanding with William H. Herndon

As this misunderstanding cleared up, Lincoln wrote to his younger friend this quizzical twinkling letter:

WASHINGTON, July 11, 1848.

Dear William:

Yours of the 3rd is this moment received; and I hardly need say, it gives unalloyed pleasure. I now almost regret writing the serious, long-faced letter I wrote yesterday, but let the past as nothing be. Go it while you're young!

I write this in the confusion of the H. R., and with several other things to attend to. I will send you about eight different speeches this evening; and as to kissing a pretty girl, I know one very pretty one, but I guess she won't let me kiss her.

Yours forever,
A. LINCOLN.

Odd Ways and Homely Epigrams

WHAT the closing part of this letter refers to is not revealed by any of the authorities or scribes who have put down the known facts of Lincoln's life.

He was a man with his own odd ways who could speak in short words and with simple illustrations of love's promises and life's compromises. One might do considerable thinking about the parallels of marriage and democracy as set forth by Lincoln in that little "lost speech" which our friend Barrett dug up recently from an old newspaper file.

Lincoln Epitomizes America

ABOUT two weeks previous to this speech Lincoln had been elected President of the United States, and he chose to tell an audience in Bloomington, Illinois, these words:

"The people of the country have again fixed up their affairs for a constitutional period of time. By the way, I think very much of the people as an old friend said he thought of women. He said when he lost his first wife, who had been a great help to him in his business, he thought he was ruined—that he would never find another to fill her place. At length, however, he married another, who he found did quite as well as the first, and that his opinion now was that *any woman would do well who was well done by. So I think of the whole people of this nation—they will ever do well if well done by.*"

The italics are ours.

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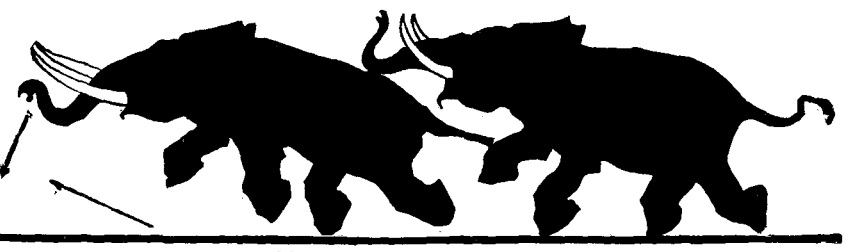
Delia J. Akeley, famous naturalist and fearless explorer



Jungle Rescue

Surrounded by mutinous natives, alone in the African night, this woman dared a thousand perils to save the life of her famous husband, the late Carl Akeley. She tells here the thrilling story

Am. Museum of Natural History

Ringuru, runaway guide, and below, Carl Akeley after washup and thorough taping

By DELIA J. AKELEY

OF THE vast number of people who visit our natural-history museums and gaze on the strange birds and beasts, so lifelike in their artificial settings, but few realize at what cost, not only in money but in human life, the mounted specimens were secured and placed before them.

Little indeed do they realize what dangers and hardships, and often personal sacrifice, the collector must face to make a journey into some out-of-the-way corner of the world to secure a rare specimen whose habitat is the depths of a primeval forest, the summit of a high mountain or the middle of a low-lying fever-haunted swamp.

A few years ago, owing to the poverty of our public institutions and the absence of artistic talent in arranging exhibits pleasingly and intelligently to attract the public, the museum halls were empty. Poorly equipped, the scientists went out on their quest for specimens alone or in groups of two's or three's, with but little knowledge of the country which they planned to visit, its food resources or its inhabitants.

Many of them became ill or met with accidents and suffered terrible privations. Some of them returned to their families crippled or broken in health. And there were others whose sad story is known only to their families or the museum authorities. But they laid the solid foundation upon which the unrivaled natural-history museums of America are built.

Unfortunately but few of these men had the time to write of their experiences. When they were in the field every moment of daylight was precious. In the evening, if there were no photographs to develop, sheer weariness or insect pests sent them early to bed.

They did not capitalize their expeditions by "discovering" this spot or that, by exploiting women and children or by arranging to be the leading feature in the Sunday issue of a daily. Nor did they anticipate a profitable lecture tour upon their return. They spoke lightly of their dangers; they asked no reward and received none.

Conditions have changed very considerably even since I first accompanied a scientific expedition into the African wilderness. Through the untiring efforts of a few men with vision, and the aid of the press, the great educational value of natural-history museums has been recognized. Public-spirited men and women are generously contributing vast sums of money for their proper maintenance and for the advancement of science.

Expeditions are now sent out under the direction of a financial organizer who is accompanied by a corps of trained workers. They are well provisioned and elaborately equipped with the latest scientific instruments.

They have yachts, airships and automobiles. Some even have radios. In fact, sometimes the overhead expenses are so heavy that often there is but little left for the actual work in the field.

Sick—and Stranded

WHILE large expeditions are inadvisable and often a great handicap —especially in Africa—they have one virtue: in case of accident or illness the presence of white companions is a comfort and may often mean the saving of a life.

In my own experience there were occasions while we were in the African jungles when Mr. Akeley lay ill unto death with repeated attacks of spirillum and black-water fever. To be both doctor and nurse in a tropical country, where only unrelaxing care day and night can save a stricken companion, is a heavy responsibility. One should not leave a sick companion to the uncertain care of black boys, however willing they may be.

On our second expedition to Central Africa (when we secured the elephants which comprise the group in the American Museum of Natural History, New York), among other misfortunes which overtook us, Mr. Akeley was mauled by an elephant.

This thrilling story has been told many times by himself from the lecture platform, but a personal account of my equally thrilling night journey to his rescue through one of the densest elephant-infested forests on the African continent has not hitherto been published.

We had been in Uganda hunting elephants nearly a year when the terrific heat and frightful thunderstorms which occurred with increasing frequency daily warned us that the rainy season was approaching.

The rivers were rising rapidly, and soon they would become raging torrents, and the low-lying grass country, the favorite haunt of elephants, would be impassable swamps.

We had been greatly handicapped in our strenuous work of following elephants owing to Mr. Akeley's health. He had had repeated attacks of fever and dysentery, and so anxious was I that I kept in constant communication, by runner, with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tegert, whose hospitable home at Masindi was a haven where I often brought Mr. Akeley to convalesce.

To remain in Uganda during the rainy season would have been foolhardy, so one day, while he lay on his cot convalescing from fever at the mission, we decided to go down to the healthy highlands of East Africa, where we could make motion-picture records of the Nandi warriors spearing lions, and return to Uganda when the rains were over.

As soon as Mr. Akeley was able to travel we started on our long trek toward Lake Victoria Nyanza. With us traveled a number of mission boys whom I sent back, like homing pigeons, to keep our anxious friends informed of our progress.

No finer climate can be found anywhere in the world than in the Elgon country on the Nasin Gishu plateau. And here the invalid quickly recovered his health. For twenty thrilling days we followed 100 Nandi spearmen and made motion-picture records of their primitive methods of hunting lions.

Then, in a reckless moment, we decided to trek across to Mount Kenya, one of the loveliest snow-crowned mountains in Africa.

We stopped at Lake Hannington for three days and secured wonderful pictures of the flamingos, and then on to Lake Baringo, where we found an old Massi cattle trail which led over the Laikipia Escarpment through a parklike country filled with game, to the foot of Kenya.

We made our base camp in a Wakikuyu village on the southwest side of the mountain, where we left our horses and half of our porters. Accompanied by the remaining forty men and J. T. Jr., the pet monkey which was our constant companion on our African travels, we started to cut our way through.

It Was a Glorious Adventure

TWICE we succeeded in reaching the bamboo forest 10,000 feet up, but mighty canyons filled with dense vegetation and dizzy precipices forced us to retrace our steps. Victory, however, crowned our third attempt, and we succeeded in reaching the ice fields, 18,000 feet up. Recklessly we decided to return by a different route.

We followed elephant trails whenever we could, but there were times when we were obliged to hack our way through trackless forests of giant tree ferns and bamboo jungles. We quenched our thirst with icy water from rocky pools at the base of lovely waterfalls. We slept nightly on a bed of cedar boughs which were often laid over a carpet of violets, and (*Continued on page 36*)

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Conscience

By ELMER L. RICE

A Short Short Story

HAMILTON clicked the telephone receiver sharply into place and uttered a loud and eloquent "Damn!"

"What's wrong?" asked Anne, who entered at that moment with the morning's mail.

"It's that confounded story," said Hamilton. "I knew it would get me into trouble."

"'Conscience'?" asked his wife.

"Yes, 'Conscience.' McMurray of the National was just on the wire. Wants me to come down right away. Can't discuss it over the phone. Nice mess! You should have heard his voice. It was so frigid it's given me an earache."

"But I don't see why!" she protested. "There was nothing in what you did—"

"Yes, there was," he said. "I should have told them in the beginning. . . ."

"Then they might not have bought the story!" she exclaimed.

"All the more reason for their being sore now. Some kind busybody has called the truth to their attention, I suppose, and they feel that I've been putting something over on them."

"But what can they do?" asked his wife anxiously. "Make you give them back what they paid you for the story?"

"I don't see how," said Hamilton. "I'm broke. What I'm afraid of is that the National won't buy any more of my stories. My best market too—good prices and prompt payment. That'll be pretty!"

"Well," said Anne hopefully, "I guess you'll be able to fix it up somehow."

Hamilton patted her cheek. "My little Pollyanna," he said, "you'd see the bright side of a smallpox epidemic, wouldn't you? Well, I may as well get it over with. As the fellow in the electric chair said, this will certainly be a lesson to me."

"Don't you want to look at your mail before you go?" asked Anne, holding out the handful of letters.

"Guess it can wait," replied Hamilton; "I'm not expecting any checks. Let's see. Bill. Bill. Bill. . . . Hello, what's this? 'Home for the Feeble and Destitute.' Maybe it's an application blank. This looks like a way out!"

He tore open the envelope and quickly scanned the shaky scrawl it contained.

"What the ——!" he ejaculated, in astonishment. "Do I know anybody named Tobias Small, Anne?"

"Tobias Small?" said Anne. "The name sounds— Why, yes, of course!" she exclaimed. "He's that nice old gentleman who used to live above us on Ninth Street, don't you remember? He'd been wealthy once, but his children had drained him dry and then neglected him. You don't mean to say that the poor old man has had to enter a home!"

"Apparently," replied Hamilton, "and, what's more, he seems to think that I've based 'Conscience' on his life story. Thanks me effusively for showing up his ungrateful children and so on."

"Why, how amazing!" said Anne. "How can he think—"

"I don't know," said Hamilton, "but people do. It's astonishing how readers always discover themselves and their families in the stories they read. Well, I must write the old fellow a friendly letter—if I get out of McMurray's office alive."

AS HE turned into Madison Avenue he met a modish woman of thirty-five.

"Clara Hope!" he exclaimed, advancing with outstretched hand. "Why, it's a thousand years—"

But, to his amazement, the woman deliberately ignored his proffered hand and walked past him with averted head.

Hamilton's hand fell to his side and his lower jaw dropped in astonishment. Then, recovering his senses, he turned and quickly overtook the young woman.

"Why, Clara," he said, seizing her arm. "You don't mean to say you've forgotten me!"

She wrenched her arm free and turned upon him two eyes filled with hatred.

"I think you're an unspeakable cad!"

"But what on earth—" cried the bewildered Hamilton.

"You needn't pretend innocence," she snapped. "I've read your disgusting story. I think it's unforgivably vile of you to make me out before the whole world as an unfeeling and ungrateful daughter. My father has no cause for complaint. His mind has been poisoned against me. And you take a lot of malicious rumors and— Oh, it's just too beastly for words."

"But, Clara, I assure you—" protested Hamilton.

"Never mind!" said the indignant woman. "Only from now on we're strangers, do you understand?"

And before he could reply she entered an apartment house and disappeared.

After twenty minutes of uneasy waiting in the reception-room of the National, Hamilton was shown into McMurray's private office.

"Hello, Hamilton," said the editor. "You've got us into a nice jam with that 'Conscience' story."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Hamilton volubly. "I should have explained—"

"Yes, you certainly should," said McMurray.

"But I thought—"

"You thought you'd camouflaged your characters sufficiently, is that it? Well, you didn't, and we're likely to have a libel suit on our hands. The ladies were in here this morning, and I want to tell you I've never seen an angrier pair of females in my life."

"What ladies?" demanded Hamilton. "Say, what the devil are you talking about?" he burst out.

"Don't try that line, Hamilton," said McMurray sharply. "You wrote a story about two women, who turned their old father out of doors after he'd impoverished himself for them, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course I did," said Hamilton. "But—"

"And your characters are thinly disguised portraits of Mrs. Boothby and her sister and their father, aren't they?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Hamilton. "I never heard of Mrs. Boothby and her sister and—"

"Oh, come on, Hamilton!" said McMurray incredulously. "Never heard of Mrs. Frank Boothby, wife of the Cotton King?"

"Oh, you mean her?" said Hamilton. "Yes, of course, I've heard of her."

"And you've exploited some story you've heard of her treatment of her father," said McMurray. "It may be true for all I know," he went on, "but this is a reputable magazine, and it's not our policy to lend ourselves to the spreading of scandal. We've treated you pretty decently, Hamilton, and you shouldn't have placed us—"

Hamilton could contain himself no longer. "Look here, McMurray," he shouted. "Either I'm crazy or the rest of the world is. I don't know the first thing about Mrs. Boothby. Never knew she had a sister or a father or anything about her."

"You didn't? Then how did you get hold of that story?"

"You mean to say you don't know?" asked Hamilton.

"I wouldn't ask you if I did."

Hamilton exhaled a deep breath. "It's incredible," he said. "Do you remember the day you called me up and said you had to have a story within twenty-four hours?"

"Yes," said McMurray. "But what—"

"Well," Hamilton went on, "I hadn't an idea in my head, and I needed the five hundred very badly, so in desperation I committed a deliberate piece of plagiarism."

"Plagiarism?" said McMurray.

"Yes," said Hamilton. "I stole the plot of Shakespeare's King Lear."

"What's wrong?" asked Anne, who entered at that moment with the morning's mail

He replaced the receiver and swore

Illustrated by LILA WHEELOCK

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The White Room

By

IN a white room a black figure was seated. Neither hemisphere could have provided another such room—nor another figure like this.

The room was circular and surmounted by a dome. This dome was carried out in mother-of-pearl, so that its effect was rather like that of a tropical evening sky. It was invisibly lighted. It served as a reflector and dimly illuminated the room as if by moonlight. The walls were paneled in the same manner and outlined in ebony.

There was but little furniture. At a large white table littered with papers and provided with a number of complicated and queer-looking switchboards sat the sole occupant of the room.

This was a woman.

She wore a black velvet robe of medieval fashion. It sheathed her figure like a serpent's skin. Her arms and shoulders were perfectly molded and almost supernormally white. Her hair, which she wore in the Spanish manner, coiled low on her neck, was blue-black, like a raven's wing in reflected sunlight. From her ears depended large hoops of diamonds.

Her luminous, darkly fringed eyes staring straight before her, she sat motionless; her brows were two perfect straight lines. Slim, exquisite hands rested upon the table. On the index finger of the right hand a diamond ring of notable design and size struck a blatant note.

A faint sound became audible, like that of a distant silver bell. In a small lacquer cabinet upon the table a red light sprang to life.

"G. H. Q.," said a guttural voice.

The voice was that apparently of someone in the room.

But no one had entered the room—which, in common with another for which at this very moment New York Police Headquarters were searching—possessed no visible doors.

"Report of Head Center New York," replied the woman.

"Head Center New York is on the line."

"Connect him."

Beside the speck of red light within the little cabinet a companion speck appeared. It was mauve.

The woman slightly moved one of those slender white hands. A tapering finger touched a button. The room became plunged in darkness.

"Head Center New York," said a musical male voice, seemingly from a few paces away. "Standing by in H.Q."

"Your report."

"Following complete failure at the home of Page Sutton, already reported, Zone Officer 2 A—Fée Czerna—escaped to a neighboring road house in the company of the English ship's surgeon—Dr. Stopford—of whom you have been notified. Usual routine was followed. Commander Drake Roscoe, in charge of state operations, raided the house at 5:30 this morning. The following officers are detained: Divisional Chief A, Zone Officer 2 A, Zone Officer 3 A, Group Masters 2, 3 and 4, Sector 3 A1, with operatives, twelve in all, of their Groups. Acting upon untraceable information, Deputy Commissioner Burke has closed all streets surrounding H. Q., New York. Traffic has been diverted. A raid upon the Blue Barber is pending. Staff standing by. Other units dispersed. Awaiting instructions. Report ends."

There were some moments of silence.

A sound became audible like a distant bell

Then came the woman's calm voice:

"Divisional Chief B and C will report to Head Center Chicago at the earliest possible moment. Advise Chicago. Divisional Chief D will report to Head Center Philadelphia at eight o'clock tonight. Advise Philadelphia. Each Divisional Chief will follow the usual emergency routine regarding his Zone Officers before leaving. Transmit this order and stand by for another."

Silence fell again. From out of the darkness sprang an illuminated map of the United States. And over the whole of it spread a delicate network of circles. The outer edge of each circle touched the outer edge of another.

Section by section, the map became blacked out, in response to manipulation of those taper fingers, until only the Zones surrounding New York, Philadelphia and Chicago remained visible.

Then, suddenly, these disappeared.

"Head Center New York," said the man's toneful voice. "Order transmitted."

"Instruct all members of H. Q. Staff," the woman resumed immediately, as though no interval had occurred, "to report to Chief of Staff here tomorrow. Employ emergency routine. As it is evident that important information is in the hands of Drake Roscoe, do your utmost in the time you have to blind the inquiry. Report to me personally tomorrow. Move."

Inside the lacquer cabinet the mauve light and the red light went out.

"BRING that torch forward," said Deputy Commissioner Burke.

The end of his cigar glowed in the darkness of the landing. The beloved but feared chief of police was a rare enough figure at a raid. But this raid was something quite out of the ordinary. No less than 400 men were engaged.

"There you are, Chief."

A wide disk of light shone upon an office door. The door carried the name of a firm well known in the city.

"Is Cartwright there?" Burke growled.

"Here, Chief."

"Have you phoned Bronson we need his office keys?"

"He's out of town."

"Crowbars," said Burke.

Two hefty officers came forward out of the shadows, and there ensued a creaking and splintering sound as the pair attacked the door. The landing and the stair were crowded with men.

"We're on the eighteenth, sir," came a voice.

"Are we, Markham?" Burke snapped back. "I thought we'd got into the basement."

Laughter, subdued, respectful, followed. Captain Markham of Headquarters was a dangerous man to laugh at.

"What I mean, sir, is this: According to information, the room we're looking for is very high up."

"We're getting warm, then?"

"According to the sketch plan which I have here, we're getting very warm! The Scudamore Building is at the end of this block. And we can't be far from the end now— Isn't it possible that this place is at the top of the Scudamore tower?"

"Very possible!" came a loud voice from some point on the stairs below. A disturbance

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SAX ROHMER

Commander Roscoe organizes a raid and discovers the lair of Head Center

proclaimed itself. "Who said that? He's a good man!"

"Commander Roscoe," Burke muttered.

Roscoe made his way up to the landing.

"I've just returned from a flight with a pilot of the Air Squad," said he. "Our latest information pointed to a room in a tower: a room with no windows—"

"Well?" said Burke.

"The top floor of the Scudamore tower has no windows! It's the only place of the kind in the central part of the city."

A great crash told that the door was down.

"Good for you, Markham," said Burke.

A dozen torches spat sudden beams and the raiding party poured into the Bronson offices.

IN a room paved and unusually decorated in black and gold, the ceiling a hemisphere of dull gold, behind a long, narrow table before the western wall a man was seated.

He wore a black robe. Thin, yellow rubber gloves gave an impression of flexible but hairless hands. His face no writer could have described and no artist have limned. It was ghastly, indefinite; the eyes mere narrow slits, the mouth a deformity. In short, it was a mask. The real face was a matter of conjecture.

Upon the blank wall facing this grotesque figure a point of red light sprang into life.

"H. Q.," came a monotonous voice. "All orders have been carried out. All Divisional H. Q.'s are vacated. No other arrests reported. Party under Deputy Commissioner Burke operating from Exit 7, the Blue Barber, has proceeded as far as the Bronson offices. They are following a plan believed to have been made by Zone Officer 2 A. Zone Officer 1 B, Max Solke, detailed to stand by, has reported that finding of entrance to private elevator is only a matter of time. Commander Drake Roscoe, flying over the city, is believed to have located H. Q. He has joined the raiding party. Standing by. Report ends."

The masked figure did not stir. Absolute silence prevailed in this strange room; then:

"Connect the Chief Chemist," said a musical voice.

Beside the red light a blue light appeared.

"Laboratory," said a gruff voice. "Chief Chemist."

"Report to me personally at once."

The blue light went out. A flexible, gloved hand moved. A switch was touched. The red light went out.

A door hidden in the wall on the left of the long table opened and proved to be that of an elevator. From the car a man stepped into the oddly lighted room. He was a thick-set Hanoverian, having a shock of graying fair hair, a bushy mustache and an expression of inflexible good humor. He wore spectacles of high magnifying power and was attired in gray-blue overalls.

The door closed behind him. He bowed awkwardly, regarding the dreadful figure behind the table.

"Is the map removed?" the masked man demanded.

"Yes."

"The laboratory is stripped?"

"Completely."

"Bring up the figure. Then you may go. Report to H. Q. Cincinnati on Thursday at 5 P. M. I will shut off the power from the elevator."

The elevator door reopened. The Chief Chemist made his awkward bow and went out. The door closed.

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

A yellow, hairless thing like a mummy looked down at him. Burke staggered back

THE commander of the Ruritania woke up with a start.

"That you, Quartermaster?"

"Yes, sir. Sorry to disturb you. But Dr. Stopford has just come aboard and insists he must see you."

"Stopford!"

The captain was out of bed in a flash. Dr. Stopford, most popular young surgeon of the western ocean, had jumped his ship on the last voyage under mysterious circumstances and had been duly fired by Liverpool when the log was produced. Now, in the early morning, a few hours before sailing, he was aboard.

"Where is he?"

"Outside in your room, sir."

"Alone?"

"No. There's a lady with him."

"Oh!" said the captain.

When he appeared—in uniform but wearing a white muffler—he found his ex-surgeon, in evening kit and a badly fitting topcoat, seated on the settee with a remarkably pretty Frenchwoman who, though somewhat disheveled, also might have come from a dance.

"Ah, Sir Harry," said Stopford, his composure disarming in those unusual circumstances, "beastly sorry to dig you out, but the fact is we're rather up against it. Madame Czerna is dyin' to meet you." He turned to his charming companion. "This is Captain Sir Harry Bristol."

The captain, who had an eye for a pretty woman, regretted that he was unshaven.

"What's afoot, Stopford?" he asked. "Your disappearance here in New York last trip caused me endless anxiety. Did you fall into a trap?"

"I did!" said Stopford, glancing at Madame Czerna. "I fell into a trap laid by the Zone gang. . . ."

"The Zone gang?"

Stopford removed his monocle, burnished and replaced it.

"There's a bloke here in New York," he went on deliberately, "who has got—or who had got—the entire city under his thumb. Our mutual friend Drake Roscoe nearly lost his priceless life in gettin' him. Our friend here"—he grasped Madame Czerna's hand reassuringly—"is still in deadly danger. Hence our croppin' up on board so unceremoniously." (*Continued on page 32*)

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The Nut Crop

Who writes the letters to the sports editors? Who fights to change the football rules? Who invents those strange sports devices? Who keeps the sport world moving? The Nut

Cheer leaders and rooters —nuts all: "The first thing to learn in football is to go crazy"

Wide World

By GRANTLAND RICE

WHILE the annual yield of nuts is extremely large in the realms of business, literature, art, motion pictures, politics and the stage, you never really come upon mass production of filberts until you reach sport.

In the sporting woodlands they grow in quantities beyond all belief, call them fans, fanatics, enthusiasts, rooters, sideliners, camp followers, nuts, fish or what you will.

The sports nut may exhibit his nuttiness by evolving weird suggestions for changing the rules of football and baseball. He may send in indignant and wrathful letters expressing violent opposition to opinions offered by the experts. He may flood the market with inventions—and this applies especially to golf, where almost every device under the sun has been offered to lower your score.

A good many years ago the late Tom Shevlin, Yale's star end, was coaching Kilpatrick in end play.

"The first thing you have to learn in football," said Shevlin, "is to go crazy. No football player is any good who can't go crazy in a game."

This advice seems to be good in almost every sport that one adopts as a hobby. "Going crazy" is either the first or second step.

Take the aforementioned citizen who spends months or years and most of his money inventing some form of golf device. Or the Old-Grad football enthusiast who gets worked up to a violent pitch because his old university team or some star thereon doesn't get enough publicity. Or the baseball fan who uses up ten or twelve pages showing how the mandarins of the game should eliminate the intentional pass.

There was one well-known lawyer out West who became hipped on the idea of scoring ball games by the number of bases accumulated (base hit, 1 run; 3-base, 3 runs, etc.), and not by the arrivals at the home plate. He refused to keep any other kind of score.

In the football world are hundreds of fans who insist each season upon having the scoring methods of football changed. Some of them will write ten- or twelve-page letters of explanation.

Golf Bugs Head the Colony

THEY argue that a team which makes fifteen first downs and advances the ball 287 yards should not lose to a team which makes four first downs and advances the ball only 87 yards, but scores through a fumble or one long pass.

During the last campaign on many occasions, teams that made the greater number of first downs and gained much more ground were beaten.

For example: the Ohio State team made twice as many first downs as Michigan made, and yet Michigan won by 21 to 0. Nebraska made many more first downs and gained many times as much ground as Missouri gained in their battle, but Missouri won.

This sort of thing happened at close intervals all through the fall. And it stirred the scoring zealots into something approaching a frenzy.

And there is more than a little on their side of the argument. Football is undoubtedly a badly balanced game in a scoring way. Too often the better team is beaten because of one unlucky error. One fumble may offset seven or eight fine plays or cost more than an advance of 60 yards can wipe out.

What those football fans want is to have every first down count a point or to have every advance into enemy territory scored in some way: 1 point for reaching the opponent's 40-yard line; 2 points for the 30-yard line; 3 for the 20; 4 for the 10-yard line, etc.

Many suggestions and inventions offered by the filbert colony are worth trying: they have been responsible for most of the improvements in play.

For example, part of the improvement in pole-vaulting has been due to the invention of a lighter, stronger pole made almost entirely of bamboo which is undoubtedly responsible for the several inches added to former records.

Then there is the Lipp Football Timer, a work of art as complicated as a great clock or organ: it times mechanically every second of a game from start to finish so that there is almost no chance for a mistake.

I recall the case of one man who invented a golf grip that wouldn't slip in wet weather. He had put in over two years and most of his money perfecting the slipless arrangement. It worked in a thoroughly satisfactory way.

I also recall going with that inventor into one of the crowded sections of a big hotel to test the invention. After soaking the grip in water he was so intent upon his scheme that in trying a practice swing he forgot the surging crowd around him. One man's hat flew off on the back swing and the follow-through barely missed another man's chin. We managed to escape with our lives.

Then there was the man who spent a lot of time and money inventing the Schenectady or center-shafted putter. He too was regarded as a nut—until Walter Travis tried out his invention in 1904 and promptly started sinking putts from all corners of the green.

After Travis won the British amateur the fame of the new putter suddenly spread. When the British barred it any number of American golfers, including Jerry Travers, took it up. Today, in one form or another, it is used by many thousands. And it might be recalled that Travis and Travers are still rated as the two greatest putters that ever played.

Golf inventions outnumber inventions for any other sport as they are supposed to make an appeal to three million or four million actual players. Years ago, for example, Bob Davis invented a golf tee that scattered when it was hit and fertilized the turf. It was one of the best of all the tees ever invented. But it was too far ahead of the times—and there was no profit in it. So Mr. Davis had to be content with making his contribution to science and doing without any monetary reward.

Fandom's Double Service

AN INVENTOR has a great idea, but is either ahead of the times or has to quit when the money runs out: someone else carries on to make a fortune.

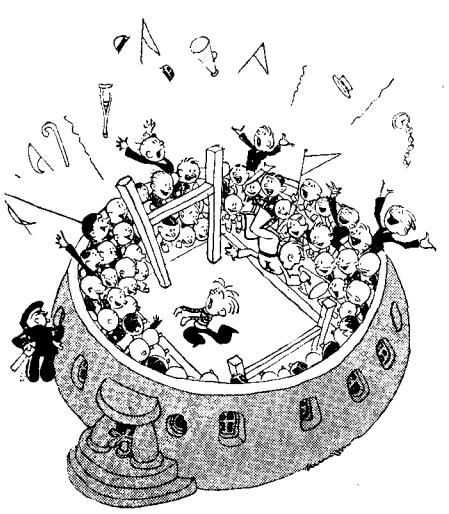
One football coach spent years inventing a flying dummy that came at a tackler after the manner of a broken-field runner. This coach was Charley Moran and he first used his dummy at Centre College. Centre College, under Moran, beat Harvard, West Virginia and almost every strong team in the South. But I haven't heard of any great rush toward the flying dummy, which sounds like an excellent device.

The Dempsey-Sharkey and the Tunney-Dempsey battles were great occasions for the sports nuts who write letters. Most of them supported Dempsey.

One of the big lawyers of the country wrote me that he had offered Dempsey his services free of charge to bring suit against W. O. McGeehan and yours truly because we had suggested that Dempsey had fouled Sharkey. And he meant every word of it.

Yet these inventors, Old Grads, fight fans, football fans, and nuts are the big part of the game. Without them sport would be a drab enterprise. They provide, in the end, better equipment and they churn up most of the enthusiasm. They are the wreckers of monotony and dullness.

If it wasn't for the sporting nuts who invent queer golf clubs and rewrite the rules of all the games and tear your opinions and judgments into shreds, there would be little left except the score, the spiritually unimportant part of any sport.



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By STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY

Give and Take

The truth about the pair of blue pajamas, that were found under the pillow

Kay couldn't explain just whose pajamas they were

Illustrated by R. JOHN HOLMGREN

ALL this about blue pajamas sounds much worse than it was. Most things do these days, or at least one may consistently hope so. But a pair of blue pajamas, on the other hand, was no trifle which a girl could shrug aside or ignore unless she were prepared to explain in detail and without any stammering just whose pajamas they were, just how they found their way under her husband's pillow while he was in Pittsburgh, and a lot of other awkward things.

Little Mrs. Theodore Wrenn—poor little Kay Wrenn—wasn't prepared to explain anything at all. She just sat at the foot of her sweet white twin bed in their darling three-room apartment in a nice stretch of East Fifty-sixth Street, pushed wandering webs of dark hair from her troubled brow, and blinked her bewildered blue eyes.

Kay Wrenn's dark hair and blue eyes and several other joyous qualifications of hers ought to have been explanation enough, and her husband, Ted, instead of standing there glowering in all his blond masculine stupidity, should have been glad he was alive and well and for three racing years had possessed such a treasure. What did he expect for his paltry few thousands a year?

In fact, only ten minutes ago when he had been squeezing Kay and kissing her ears and the back of her neck, he'd had some such idea himself. But that was before he discovered them.

"I'm ready to believe anything you say," he declared. "You certainly know whose pajamas they are, Kay. What if the maid did put them under my pillow? They're not mine. Even if I could sleep in such gaudy gear, they're two sizes too small for me, and even if you would dare to go in for pajamas for yourself in my absence, they are four sizes too big for you. Those pajamas belong to some man, and you might as well admit it. Do you?"

KAY was remembering that when she was a girl no bigger than six or seven the game was to catch a grasshopper, hold him by his hops, and say, "Now spit tobacco juice and I'll let you go." She realized for the first time how the grasshopper must have felt. She had no more explanation of those blue pajamas than the grasshopper may have had tobacco juice. She knew no more about those pajamas than Ted did. At least that was her story, and she was going to stick to it. She stuck to it very firmly.

"You'll just have to trust me, Ted," she said. "Of course, if you can't go to Pittsburgh and trust me—"

"I trust you all right," protested Ted, his gaze going first to Kay's innocent eyes and then to those tell-tale pajamas spread on the bed as Exhibit A. Kay's eyes and those pajamas were almost the same color, a fact which somehow angered him all the more. "My Lord, if I didn't trust you," he said, "I'd have strangled you the minute I found them. I trust you implicitly, and all I want to know is to whom they belong."

"I've told you," she said. "I told you I didn't know." A note of rebellion crept into Kay's voice. "And what's more, Theodore Wrenn, if you ask me again, I'll go out of this apartment in two minutes and I won't come back. I don't care if it is raining. I don't care if I go in my kimono. I'll just put on a coat and go. Maybe I'd be glad of the chance."

"Is that so?" said Theodore Wrenn—and the fight was on.

They were extremists, the Wrenns. When they loved they did it with an abandon which, however charming, was beyond all common sense, and their battles were equally unrestrained. They denied each other nothing. Kay pretended to listen to Ted's accusation and violence while she thought up her own attack and made ready to go into action as soon as he paused for breath.

She didn't even have to listen very carefully because all that Ted could say had been said many times before. She knew it by heart and thought of it generally as Ted's propaganda.

"The trouble with you, Kay," he said—"the trouble with you is that you have swallowed Adela Custer and her loose ideas whole. That's the kind of woman you want to be. You'd rather be a high-class gold digger than a poor man's wife. You trot over to Adela Custer's swank apartment every other minute and find it full of middle-aged millionaires, and you think Adela must be a marvelous woman. You are dazzled by her clothes and her jewels, and you fall for her wise remarks about what you could do with your looks. You think Adela, with her practically non-existent husband and her Norris DeWitt and her Jarvis Semple and her Harrison Giverney and all the rest of her fat boy friends, has the key to happiness up her sleeve. You think it's not only clever but admirable when she works Norris DeWitt for a mink fur coat."

"Well, why not?" demanded Kay. "Why shouldn't he give her a fur coat? If she waited for her husband to give her one, she'd freeze to death. That's the way with you men. You admire other well-dressed women, but you think your wife can get by on her natural beauty and the fact that she is your wife. I dare Norris DeWitt to offer *me* a fur coat."

"You've got a fur coat."

"What? You call that a fur coat? Well, there you are, Ted. You see, you just don't know anything. Adela even offered to lend me her old one last winter."

"Tell her to keep her spoils of war," said Ted. "Tell her to keep out of my family's business or I'll wring her scrawny neck. You are not going to put your foot in her place again."

Kay laughed at the absurdity of such an idea. "Oh, yes, I am," she said. "Do you think I'd give up the most interesting and amusing person I know just because you happen to be narrow-minded? Furthermore, I don't believe all those stories about her. . . ."

"Oh, you don't?" He turned upon her again. "Well, you wouldn't. You probably think Norris DeWitt is a philanthropist. He goes around distributing mink coats to poor but deserving ladies. What's the use? If you're that dense, I can't do anything for you. You'll have to find out by experience. Frankly I think your continual dropping in is the chief attraction to Adela's apartment, anyway. Go in for it openly. At least that's better than waiting until I'm sent to Pittsburgh, and then—"

"And then what?"

LITTLE Kay Wrenn's husband should have taken warning from the husky intensity with which she asked that. He saw the white light on her face too late to save himself, too late for a retreat.

He had to back it up now. "Oh, I haven't forgotten them, Kay. . . ."

"Forgotten what?"

"Those blue pajamas." His own face flushed suddenly. After all, any man who would come home from Pittsburgh and find blue pajamas under his pillow without putting up a fight would be a nincompoop. "I want the truth about those blue pajamas," he said, "or you can pack up and get out. You can go out to Larchmont and tell your father and your brothers that I kicked you out. They'll know mighty well that you must have deserved it. All right. Come

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A long grease-stained arm reached out and lifted Kay down from the rail

on. Finis la guerre. If you won't explain, you can clear out. . . ."

Kay Wrenn stood in the misty night rain on the corner of Fifty-sixth and Madison and thought it all over. She'd been too busy sending off her final broadsides at Ted to have a chance to think before. But now she was all alone to think or to do anything else she chose, and the realization sent a little tremor of alarm through her.

She rested her small week-end bag on the pavement for the moment and tried to face facts. Mainly there was only one fact, the fact that she had been kicked out by her husband. Also there was the fact that she would get even with him if it were the last act of her life, and after that the fact that she must decide where to go and what to do. Of course there was Larchmont, and there were hotels. Ted was probably right about what her family would think, and so that was out. She had an unreasonable fear of being alone in hotels, and so that was practically out. It was really a problem which called for some good advice.

That brought her mind around to Adela. Perhaps her mind was on its way to Adela, anyway, but thinking of good advice was the thing which made it inevitable. She picked up her bag and started briskly up Madison Avenue. She would cut across to Park. It was only a few blocks.

As she went she decided to forget all about Ted Wrenn. Who was Ted Wrenn, after all? Some day people would point to him and say: "Oh, yes, he's the man to whom the beautiful and famous Kay Wrenn was married for a while. Of course he didn't realize what he had." But then a sneaking unwelcome wonder came into her thoughts. She wondered if there really was anything in what Ted said about Adela. Maybe Ted knew more than she thought he did. Maybe Norris DeWitt did pay for Adela's apartment and her bracelets. Maybe women really did that sort of thing, and of course if she, Kay Wrenn, wanted to, she could do it too, Ted to the contrary notwithstanding.

And what was the harm? If men who had more money than they knew how to spend wanted to give a girl a few innocent fur coats and things, why shouldn't she be the girl? She had always heard that some people got more pleasure out of giving than anything else.

WELL, let them give then. Ted ought to be glad of it. Of course Ted insinuated things, but Adela had reassured her about that. Ted just didn't know. "You apparently think," Ted had said, "that all you have to do is stand on the street corner and drop your handkerchief to have half the millionaires in town running up with their hands full of diamond bracelets. But you have to work for those bracelets. You can get a diamond out of a clerk about as quickly as you can from a millionaire. It's C. O. D. with either, and don't you forget it."

Kay didn't forget it, but she refused to believe it. She paused at Fifty-seventh Street and took a tiny handkerchief from her bag, tentatively. But she didn't drop it, after all. She wiped her eyes with it instead. She wished all at once that she were back in her sweet white twin bed. She had often read about poor girls all alone in the great city, and now that she was she didn't entirely like it. It wasn't so thrilling. Any number of men passed right by her. . . .

Ted Wrenn, sitting on his bed staring glumly at Exhibit A, had some facts to face also. Kay had really gone. She would never come back. Kay was the sort of girl who, when she went, never came back. If a man had a wife like Kay, he was a plain fool to kick her out, because he might know she would never come back. Plenty of other people would be glad enough to get her, and when they once had her they would have more sense than to kick her out.

In a fit of anger he seized those confounded blue pajamas and tore them to ribbons in his two hands. There was the cause of the whole trouble, those blasted things. And what if Kay had? What was one mistake? Of course he wished she'd told the truth about it, but on the other hand a man didn't have to go kicking his wife into the street because of one little mistake. Kay was probably as sorry about it as he was by now. Or maybe she was glad, glad to get away. What, after all, could a big clumsy dumb bird such as he was offer a girl like Kay? The place was starkly empty, and it would be empty tomorrow. Even the maid had left the day before on a week's vacation. He wouldn't be able to stand it, probably.

He stooped over and picked up from the floor a bit of blue silk, the torn neckband of Exhibit A. Yes, there it was, two little red letters, J. S. So it was Jarvis Semple, was it? He pulled the laces of his shoes with a jerk. Well, it would prove a sorry day for Jarvis Semple when he came into Ted Wrenn's home like a—like a thief in the night. Jarvis Semple might be able to break up his home, but not without getting his own head broken in the process. . . .

And all of this interesting development in the Wrenn affairs was as yet unknown to Adela Custer, who was the person in all the world who would appreciate it most. The regularity with which her little friend Kay refused to go on even the best parties without dragging that serious and stupid young husband of hers was positively maddening. She wondered what little Kay thought parties were for. And little Kay would have added so much, so many men, to the parties. It was too bad.

ADELA at the moment was seated at her dressing table brushing her persistently auburn bobbed hair and at the same time conversing idly with someone half seen and half heard through the partly opened door into her living-room. "Pour yourself a drink while you're waiting, Norris darling," she said. "What? Is Kay coming over, you say? How should I know? If you're so bent on having her, why don't you call her up? You must be tumbling for Kay, Norris. Well, I always knew you'd throw me over for a schoolgirl complexion some day. Better watch your step with Kay, though. Her husband looks exactly like Gene Tunney—and I think you're a bit overweight for a Battle of the Century, darling."

She came into the room smiling at the overweight gentleman on her divan, whose tailor had done marvels with his figure and whose barber had made the most of what remained of his smooth black hair. "Don't be mad," she said. "I was only jesting. If you should really fall for Kay, I'd—I'd cut her heart out. There's the house phone. Who do you hope it is, Norris?"

Kay came in with her eyes round and her face pale. She had definitely made up her mind that she was not going to tell a soul about breaking with Ted. She was just going to ask Adela to let her stay for the night, and in the morning she was going out to get a job as somebody's private secretary. Or else she'd be the foreign buyer for a department store. So, having decided upon absolute silence, she set her week-end bag in the middle of the room and threw herself into Adela's arms. "We're through," she said. "Ted and I have parted forever." Tears began to splash around. "Yes, he kicked me right out of my own home—and I'll never speak to him again as long as I live. Has he called up here yet?"

Adela soothed her and carried her bag into the other room. Norris DeWitt patted her shoulders. "It's all for the best," he said. "A man never has any sense until he's forty."

"And then it's too late, isn't it, Norris darling?" suggested Adela, returning. "Now give me your coat, Kay, sweet, and sit down and tell us all about it. An argument about clothes, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Kay weakly. "Well, yes, in a way, it was about clothes." For no particular (*Continued on page 44*)

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Bare and Warmer

"When it comes to followin' the dictates of fashion, the weakest woman in the world has an iron hardihood, a capacity for endurance that makes North or South Pole explorers look like hothouse flowers"

Uncle Henry

To keep from fingerprinting her spine

"I DON'T remember ever seein' a milder winter than this," remarked Mr. Stubbs. "That's so," Uncle Henry agreed. "Providence is certainly on the job these days. The same beneficent power that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb is also lookin' after the shaven calf. Now that women are wearin' these gossamer stockin's, an' likewise usin' razors to denude the legs of their natural coverin', the rigors of the old-fashioned winter would surely cause a lot of sufferin'.

"Not that even daily blizzards would matter, my dear 'Lonzo, for when it comes to followin' the dictates of fashion, the weakest woman in the world has an iron hardihood, a capacity for endurance, that makes North or South Pole explorers look like hothouse flowers. Female victims of pernicious anæmia have been known to wade through snowdrifts with nothin' warmer than a slave bracelet, their faces set in a smile of comfort.

"Don't talk to me about the weaker sex! Can you imagine a man standin' for a permanent wave, havin' his eyebrows plucked or rollin' over an' over on crushed rock to reduce the hips? Would *you* brave December's icy blasts practically bare-legged an' barefooted? No wonder equal suffrage has proved such a flat failure. With this queer anti-hair mania women are so busy shavin' they have no time to go to the polls. Legs, arms, neck an' eyebrows—all are so sedulously gone over in pursuit of hirsute life that one might almost think that the Chihuahua dog had taken the place of the Venus de Milo as the ideal of womanly beauty.

"Darned if I ain't afraid to go into a barber shop any more. It's bad enough to have a woman climb into the next chair an' give instructions about her head an' the back of her neck, but what are we to do when they roll down their stockin's, hook their heels in the chandelier, an' nonchalantly remark to the barber, 'Jes' once over, please. An' be more careful too. You clipped a piece out of my ankle last time.'

"Women don't give a tinker's damn for the opinion of men in the matter of clothes. They dress for each other, an' even the homeliest female in the world goes to battle as valiantly as the most beautiful, gayly overlookin' such little handicaps as bowlegs, fallen arches an' knock knees.

"Short skirts were bad enough, showin' legs you didn't believe *existed* outside of a Norman-Percheron horse show, but these thin stockin's, 'Lonzo! *Gosh!* Instead of shavin', nine tenths of those I've seen ought to be usin' some good hair grower, an' actually *prayin'* for a collie coat, one thick enough to hide the thing from view.

"Deep down in his heart, the average man has a passion for simplicity, considerin' a white dress an' a blue sash the ideal costume for a woman. He doesn't like havin' to take inoculations against painter's colic every time he goes to kiss a girl, or bein' forced to wear boxin' gloves when he dances with a woman in order to keep from leavin' finger prints up an' down her spine.

Morals More Than Skin Deep

"BUT do women show any regard for men's tastes? No. Fashion rules 'em from the cradle to the grave; an' they take off or put on without ever givin' a thought to that unhappy bystander ironically known as the Dominant Male.

"It certainly gives me a laugh to hear editors, preachers an' other stern critics talkin' about morals in connection with women an' their clothes. Morals haven't got anything to do with it, 'Lonzo. My wife orders her life along lines that would make Queen Victoria look like a wanton, but our granddaughters have to get up before dawn to keep her from grabbin' their spider-web stockin's.

"All this gabble about modern dress bein' a phase in the emancipation of women is another piece of bunk. Right after the French Revolution women's clothes thinned an' shortened to a point where you could have put an entire wardrobe in a hen's tooth, yet inside of a few years they were back in corsets, hoop skirts, crinolines an' other instruments of torture designed by the Spanish Inquisition.

"Today women are wearin' so darned little that only their tonsils are free from sunburn, yet there's not one of 'em that wouldn't jump back into flannels, burlap an' tarpaulin if Fashion gave the word. Ease an' comfort have as little to do with female garb as morals.

Happy Home or $1,000 a Day?

"ALREADY there's a whisper to the effect that long hair is comin' back, an' women are standin' in line in front of hair shops, waitin' their turn to buy switches. Skirts are still short, but if you've noticed, they're fastenin' little doodabs on the side that hang almost to the ground, much as though the union suit had unraveled.

"Quite frankly, 'Lonzo, I hope that Fashion *will* send women back into corsets, petticoats, tight skirts an' other forms of solitary confinement. I don't want the Home to perish from the face of the earth. This Ruth Elder business has shown the danger of allowin' women to have too much freedom of movement.

"Lindy has done more for the kids of the United States than all the preachers put together. An' between you an' me, havin' a champion like Gene Tunney has also helped a lot.

"But billin' Miss Elder as The American Girl, jes' because she walked out of the kitchen an' bet her life against a theatrical engagement, is somethin' else again. When they read about her gettin' a thousand dollars a day for one hundred days, the wives of America are goin' to turn a cold an' dissatisfied eye on the implements of the domestic trade.

"We men are mighty fond of makin' loud-mouthed public declarations to the effect that bein' a Wife an' a Mother is somethin' so very fine an' beautiful that women ought to thank God for the chance to cook for some male, but when we're talkin' privately, with no chance of bein' overheard, some of us are honest enough to admit that it's a pretty tough job—one that makes a mighty heavy call on character as well as energy.

"Ruth's example is goin' to make it a whole lot tougher. Young wives are pricin' airplanes an' advertisin' for good-lookin' pilots.

"It's the hardest competition that husbands have ever been called upon to face, 'Lonzo. It used to be enough to put your arm around the little woman as you left for the office, an' say, 'That was certainly some swell breakfast. When it comes to wheatcakes, sweetheart, you've got Tennyson an' Keats backed off the board.' But what's a little compliment like that compared to Mayor Walker's speech of welcome, the freedom of the city an' a thousand bucks a day?"

"It certainly is awful," groaned Mr. Stubbs. "Honest, women get crazier every day."

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "we men gave 'em equal rights in everything, didn't we?"

Anæmics of the weaker sex smile at the blast

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Have a Bite ?

A few bits of photographic chitchat snapped a couple of moments after the dinner gong

Wide World

There must be a Dutch equivalent for "Hot Diggety Dog!" And right here is where it's needed, so that a couple of young Hollanders can do justice to their enthusiasm over ice cream

Above: Judge Russill of the Los Angeles County traffic court can't interrupt his work for luncheon. Under the circumstances neither would we

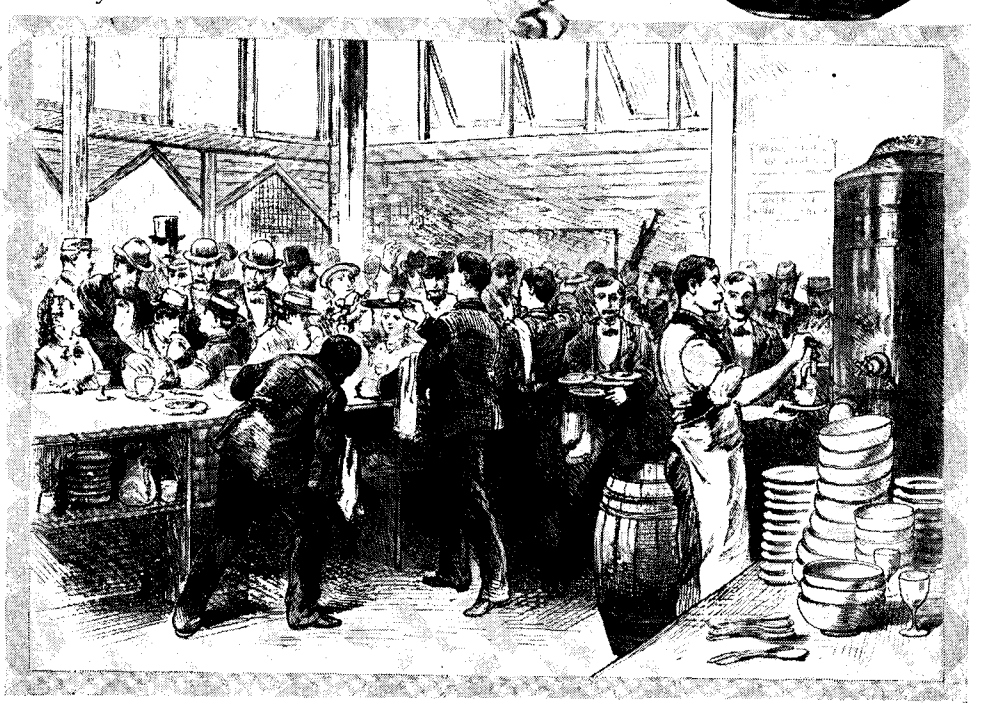
P. & A.

Mrs. Joseph H. Watson

Above: A quartet of newsboys grab off a banquet. The central figure is better known nowadays as a governor but he was a swell newsboy, too, they say. This affair was staged at the Newsboys' Home in New York

P. & A.

When a toucan gets a sore throat it takes diplomacy and a set of iron fingers to coax him into taking medicine. And at that it's probably wiser to pry his incredible beak open with a crowbar and keep it so



Culver Service

Right: Take your time, there, we can't serve everybody at once. The throngs that invaded the casino at the Picnic Grounds at lunch-hour was an impatient one and kept the gentlemanly waiters hopping

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Six ostrich necks are going to get themselves tangled into knots when the highly desirable dainty is tossed among them. It's feeding time at the ranch and Hector, in the foreground, has the advantage over his fellows because of his longer reach

Kadel & Herbert

Right: Time was when a man might sit down to the banquet table of a Saturday night and not get up until a week from the following Tuesday. And then he couldn't

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

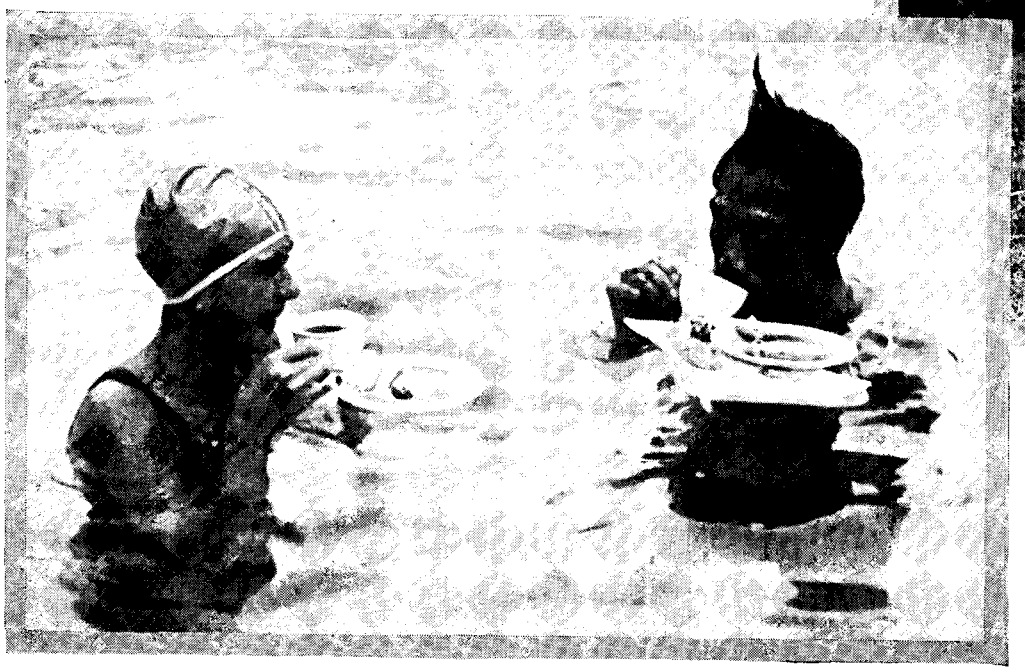
Below: The full dinner-pail in the Jungle. Four apprentice warriors sailing into some African Irish stew. The lad on the left likes it cold

Keystone View

Wide World

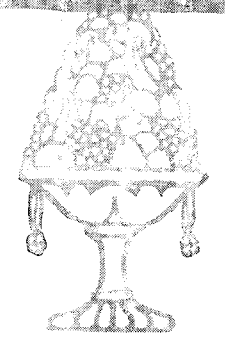
Feodor goes slumming. Chaliapin, noted opera singer, who saw some tough going himself in his early days, recently supped and slept among the dwellers on New York's Bowery just to keep his hand in

Herbert



Wide World

Left: It's unwise to go in swimming too soon after eating so Duke Kahanamoku and Olive Hatch get around the old gag by jumping into the water first and then dining before emerging



You know how the kids are when it comes to soda pop. Here's a young one from the great Okefenokee (no kidding!) swamp in south Georgia who can't get enough. The baby bear accepts a bottle from the engaging Miss Mary Lynn Owens

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The Woman Hunters

Life becomes mysterious and dangerous for Allen Gorham

The Story Thus Far: ALLEN GORHAM, one of the New York Gorhams, comes back to New York after five years' absence. Ostracized from his own set because of a false accusation of cheating at cards, which he was too proud to refute, he has been living abroad making his living at cards.

His cousin, Fred, one of his chief accusers, is married to the girl Allen loves.

The Candaces, a new rich family Allen met in Europe, give a vulgar and garish party which Allen attends. At the party he sees Anita Gorham, Fred's wife, and learns from her that he is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace. She invites him to tea the next day.

He has his passage booked to return to Europe, but on overhearing Kenneth Runyon, of a low order of manhood, boasting that he is out to get Vonny and her thirty millions, he decides that the Candaces need a champion and that he must stay.

"I should think anyone would be proud to know you," exclaimed Vonny

THE chivalrous resolves one makes at night are apt to seem rather silly and useless in the morning. It was thus with me two minutes after the clanging of the telephone awakened me. How could I, a man with few acquaintances and no friends in America, an expatriate whose mode of living had definitely alienated me from my early associates, be of any possible service to the Candaces?

After all, Sam Candace had gone a long way and achieved a great deal without any aid from me. A man with a fortune of thirty million dollars is protected from nearly all dangers by the bulwark of his wealth.

But one's very strength is sometimes one's weakness. A courage that is foolhardy will lead one into perils that ordinary caution would surmount. A fortune that shields one from the ordinary discomforts of life may well be the magnet for things worse than discomfort. In the field of business I imagined that Sam Candace could take the best care of himself. Certainly he had done so thus far in his career.

But the life on which he had embarked now was beset with whirlpools more dangerous than any that threaten the business voyager. It is our ambition that leaves us open to attack. Nearly always we can maintain the place we have achieved; it is the advance to a higher place that renders us vulnerable. So long as Sam Candace had been content to rule his string of grocery stores he had been perfectly safe. His bank connections, his relations with producers of raw materials, had all been so mutually profitable that his continued success was something desirable to many others besides himself.

BUT the moment that he attempted storming the social gates he laid himself open to counterattacks. He was upon an unfamiliar battle ground. Friends might prove to be foes, and apparently disinterested persons might turn out to be tremendously concerned.

One may wage a business campaign single-handed, but a social campaign involves the aid of many persons. Under the guise of allies, what manner of people might not attach themselves to Sam Candace? I had seen last night some of the human vermin who, scenting possible profit, had already flocked around him. How could he, naïve mid-Westerner that he was, defend himself against attacks that would not center upon himself but upon his wife or daughter?

Still, what could I do to protect them? So far as I could see in the cool light of morning, nothing at all. Nevertheless I called up the steamship agency which had procured my booking and canceled my reservation on the Paris. At least, I told myself, I was making a decent gesture. At least I would talk to Candace, explain to him the sort of people who were around him, point out to him the dangers of blackmail and scandal that lay in Vonny's association with such persons.

If he very justly asked me to mind my own business . . . well, I would have at least tried to do a decent thing. So, having been assured that I would receive a refund on my ticket, I telephoned downstairs for breakfast and the morning papers. I ate the one while I read the others, and in the latter pursuit I did something that I'd never done in my life before: I perused the society columns.

The barbaric magnificence of Vonny's coming-out party had assured its entrance into the society news. But I was glad to note that no hint of a jeer crept into any of the accounts. They merely stated that Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Candace had given a coming-out party for their daughter Yvonne, in the grand ballroom of the St. Dennis, and furnished the avid reader with a list of the guests. I went over the list carefully. There were names here of great social prominence, although I saw that it was the younger wearers of these well-known names who predominated. The staid matrons—if there are any nowadays—and the heads of families had not turned out for the Candace party. However, so far as the general public was concerned, the party had been a success. While inner circles might laugh and jeer, the hundred million would find nothing ridiculous in the Candace aspirations.

But there were other names that made me wonder — names of people whom I knew by vague and shady reputation. One wonderment breeds another. Why had my cousin Fred expressed surprise at seeing me? Why had he intimated that the family would prefer my swift departure for Europe, when all the time he had known I was there, and when he knew that his wife wanted to see me? For Anita had told me that she had asked Fred to be civil to me. Also she had mentioned Yvonne Candace, talked of matchmaking. There was some mystery here, or if mystery was too weighty a word, then puzzle fitted the situation.

Inevitably my mind traveled backward. Anita, I have said, had treated me as hardly as a woman could treat a man. She knew that I loved her devotedly, and I had had her assurance that she loved me. There was more than a tacit understanding between us.

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By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

"You do me too much honor. As a matter of fact, you and your parents know exactly nothing about me"

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

It was definitely understood that as soon as my financial condition improved we were to be married. To her suggestions that her own fortune was ample for both of us I had been deaf. Then she had jilted me. She had accused me of certain things, things that could only have been told her by my cousin Fred, things that he knew I could not in honor deny. Fred knew that until another person unsealed my lips they must remain forever closed.

But Anita did not bother to ask me for explanation. Her faith in me had been so slight that the mere presentation of charges against me had been sufficient proof of my guilt so far as she was concerned. That love which she had claimed to hold for me had been so flimsy a thing that the first breath of scandal had blown it down. I had my first intimation of her complete lack of faith in me when I picked up a morning paper and read of her sudden marriage to my cousin Fred.

I HAD immediately severed the business connection of which I had been so proud, had taken the first boat to Europe, and—become what I had become. Pride had forbidden me to face the concealed smiles of my acquaintances. A broken heart told me that ambitions were worthless things. Of what value was a career when the woman you loved would not share it with you?

And now, after five years, Anita's attitude held mystery, or at least puzzle. Incidentally, while I concerned myself with the Candaces, I would cast around for the solution of the puzzle. At least I told myself that my interest in Anita would be incidental.

I had just finished shaving when my telephone rang. I answered it to hear the voice of Vonny Candace.

"Just wanted to say au revoir and bon voyage," she said. "I had myself called early so that I'd not miss you."

Bless her sweet heart! They didn't come any nicer than Vonny Candace.

"I'm not going," I said.

"That's the best news I've ever heard," she cried. "Then you'll come to tea this afternoon?"

"Sorry. I can't do that. I've an engagement," I told her.

"An engagement?" Her voice was incredulous. "If you expected to sail this noon, how could you have an engagement for tea? But I suppose other maidens telephoned heartbreaking goodbyes to you and one of them caught you for this afternoon. But you'll take me to luncheon, won't you?"

"I can't think of anything pleasanter in all this world," I replied.

"Pierre's at one-fifteen?" she asked.

"Perfect," I said.

"Daddy will be delighted that you're staying. I hope we'll see something of you."

I thought I detected an undercurrent of something more than simple friendliness in her voice, a hint of worry, perhaps.

"Becoming really acquainted with the Candaces will be my one purpose from now on," I laughed.

"Be careful. I may hold you to that," she said.

With that she rang off.

And I know that anyone looking at me would have thought my smile tender. One mighty nice little girl, Vonny Candace.

I am young enough—I think I've told you that I'm twenty-nine—to take pride in being the escort of a pretty, well-turned-out girl, though perhaps youth is not necessarily the adjunct of such pride. As a matter of fact, the older the beau the more insistent he is that his fair companion have chic.

Certainly Vonny Candace, when I met her at Pierre's, had plenty of this quality. And if last night's party had left bruises on her spirit, her pretty face showed no traces of any inward discomfiture. She greeted me with gay camaraderie. But she became serious as soon as we were seated at a table and the waiter had gone away with my order.

"Remember what I said to you last night?" she began.

"Speech from a girl like you is so apt to make a man's head swim that details are blurred," I laughed.

"I said that you were honest," she stated.

"Well, perhaps I am. What about it?" I was a trifle bewildered.

"Tell me what you thought of the party last night."

I looked at her. "They all seemed to be enjoying themselves," I evaded.

"Daddy thinks it was a huge success," she said.

"If he thinks so, then it was," I declared.

"Who's that bowing to you?" she asked suddenly.

"Mrs. William Loosich," I replied.

"I thought you told Daddy that you were not one of *the* Gorhams?" she said.

I smiled at her. "Are you a snob, Vonny?"

She colored. "Not a bit of it. But if you know Mrs. Loosich—"

"There is nothing remarkable in knowing her," I chuckled. "Her knowing me is the amazing thing."

I was not overstating the case. The last time I had seen the matron in question all three of her chins had quivered in indignation, and she had looked glassily right through me. Either time had blurred the outlines of that offense which had disqualified me from certain circles of polite society or Mrs. Loosich was a gentler soul than I had thought and more forgiving than her strong patrician nose indicated.

"I SHOULD think anyone would be proud to know you," exclaimed Vonny. There was such heat in her voice that I stared at her.

"You do me too much honor," I said. "As a matter of fact, you and your parents know exactly nothing about me."

"Daddy isn't often fooled in men," she retorted. "He says you are the only person he's met who he can be certain is a gentleman."

There seemed to be no possible reply to this, so I made none. Fortunately the waiter's arrival covered my embarrassment. And Vonny shifted to other subjects as we began our luncheon.

"You danced with Mrs. Fred Gorham last night. Is she the woman who you said was mythical?"

The very directness of her attack confused me. "Why, what on earth made you think—"

"I didn't think. At least, I thought, but I wasn't sure last night. The way you looked at her, and the way she looked at you—but now, the way you're blushing—"

"I'm not," I asserted.

"Her husband is a cousin of yours, isn't he?" I nodded assent.

"She wouldn't have many scruples—about anything," said my companion.

"YOU don't like her?" I asked.

"I don't know her," said Vonny simply. "She's one of the hundreds whom we don't know, but who were asked to our party. You know, Mr. Gorham, it is vulgar to ask strangers to your parties. But aren't the strangers vulgar if they come?"

"That side of it would seem to me to be rich in argument," I chuckled.

"You talk better than anyone I know," she said irrelevantly.

"A few more compliments, Miss Yvonne Candace, and I'll become so conceited that I'll think you're in love with me."

"It would be nice if I were," she said. "But I'm not. I don't think that girls with my money are apt to be lucky in love."

She referred to her wealth as simply and as naturally as she might have mentioned the fact that she had brown hair. And the implied compliment to me was so touchingly sincere that once again I ignored a remark of hers.

"A young man named Runyon paid you a lot of attention last night," I said lightly.

To my surprise she blushed vividly. "Do you like him?" she asked.

"I don't know him," I answered.

"He's nice," she said tentatively.

"An old friend?" I inquired.

She shook her head. "Recent, but—"

"Exciting?" I finished for her.

"He's entertaining," she admitted.

"So I've been told," I said dryly.

She took me up instantly. "What do you mean by that?"

"No more than I said."

She eyed me (*Continued on page 42*)

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The Valley Girl

By
ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Faith and her loyal collie engineer a gallant rescue and love shines through the dark clouds

From behind them belched a swirl of grayish dust

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, is working for Wilgus Bett, in what he supposes is a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey. Jeff Christie is working in the same valley—it is his home—for a water company, according to Bett, though Jeff and his sister claim that their scheme is also a land-development idea.

Gavin is in love with Faith Christie but is forbidden to see her by Jeff when Jeff accuses Gavin of working for the water interests.

A terrific war goes on between the two camps with unauthorized, as far as Cole knows, sabotage being perpetrated by his men.

Finally three of Cole's men make an attempt, against an injunction, to set off some dynamite which will let loose the river, doing untold damage to Christie's work and helping Bett's. Faith tries to hold off the men with Roman candles. The leader is badly burned.

Gavin discovers what is happening, rushes to the spot after the men have gone, and despite Faith's fireworks, pulls the fuse from the dynamite.

Faith, realizing at last that Gavin had nothing to do with this plot, is horror-struck at the thought that she nearly killed him. She tries unsuccessfully to convince him.

Gavin goes to report this new outrageous sabotage to Bett, but Bett is in conference. Gavin goes to his office tent and there Smeed, Bett's secretary, arriving by car, hands him a note from Bett and says that Bett has left for New York.

THE glint of lamplight had fallen athwart the faces of the two occupants of the motor car's rear seat for the merest instant. Yet it had been long enough and strong enough to show Gavin the severely correct and deferential parchment face of the secretary, Smeed.

Also it had brought out from the surrounding dusk every classic feature of Wilgus Bett.

Bett! Smeed said the giant had gone to town by motor, along with some of the men with whom he had been in conference at the Eagle Hotel, that afternoon. Yet here he had been just now, sitting in the shadows outside the camp gate waiting for his secretary to return from giving Bett's own letter to Cole!

Surely it would have been ten times simpler and shorter for Bett to have telephoned such a message or even to have driven to the office tent door himself and to have delivered it there by word of mouth. The whole thing was foreign to Wilgus Bett's breezy directness. It did not make sense.

Sore perplexed, Gavin made his way to his own cheerless quarters at the Eagle Hotel and to the uninspiring evening meal which awaited him there.

For the first time in all their association Bett had refused to see him. For some seemingly good reason, Smeed had seen fit to lie to him about the overlord's whereabouts. Bett had sent his secretary to deliver a note, when, by driving a hundred yards farther, he could have spoken to Cole in person.

Bett, who kept his fingers on every pulse of the big enterprise, had not so much as taken the trouble to find what important thing Cole had wanted to see him about, though well he must have known Gavin would not have left such a message if the matter had been trivial.

GAVIN arrived at the hotel and was passing abstractedly across the lobby toward the stairs when the hotel proprietor chanced to meet him.

"'Evening, Mr. Cole," hailed the hotel keeper. "Too bad about those smashed-up men of yours today. You'd think that gang would have had their fill of trouble without—"

"What men?" asked Gavin. "What happened?"

No injury report had reached him, and he imagined the hotel keeper had got hold of one of the countless wild accident rumors that forever are afloat in a construction-job town.

"Why, your blast foreman, Gerritt, of course," answered the proprietor—"he and a couple of his men. I don't know the two men's names. They were blown up pretty bad, I hear, by a premature blast somewhere around the dam. Gerritt's in the hospital, my boy tells me. He saw him being carried in there. The other two had some ugly burns. They got treated by one of the doctors and went back to their own quarters. Too bad! But I suppose folks who handle blasts—"

"Yes," agreed Gavin vaguely. "I suppose so."

He passed on, wondering bewilderedly why no word of the mishap had been brought to his office at the camp. He began to feel the irritation which encompasses a man who finds himself the only person who has not been let in on some joke. He resolved to go up to the hospital, as soon as he had eaten, to interview Gerritt and to demand from the hospital superintendent and of his own assistants why a full report of the accident had not been made to him.

Gavin reached his own bare room and switched on the light. Then he noted for the first time he still was holding Wilgus Bett's unopened letter. He tore the envelope and read:

Dear Cole:

Here is where I am giving you a day's work you'll enjoy. You told me once about a zinc mine shaft you've heard is somewhere on the near side of Durkin Hill. (You were on the way there, I think you said, when you got mixed up with that runaway gondola car.)

Well, a syndicate is hooked, and pretty nearly landed, on the metal possibilities in these Reginskill hills. I've been in conference with two of its members all this afternoon. I happened to tell them about this zinc thing. Perhaps I laid it on a trifle strong.

Anyhow, they jumped at it. One of them had read, in some old mine treatise, that the most valuable zinc traces in the Middle Atlantic states had been found in a prospect shaft up among these hills a century or more ago. That must be the same place. He wanted to get a full report on it. I didn't have the nerve to tell him I didn't even know where the measly thing is. So I stalled him for a couple of days. I told him we'd lead his experts there by the end of that time.

It would mean a lot to us and to this valley. So I want you to drop everything and start out at dawn tomorrow and look for that prospect shaft. You're the only person hereabouts who has any faintest dope as to where it is, if it exists at all. It will mean more to us just now than anything else. Take the entire day if you have to, and the next day too.

But FIND it.

You're the only one who can help me out in this. If I have to tell that mining crowd that I've strung them along on a hoax, it won't help us overmuch in making them invest here. I'm relying on you, boy. I never yet relied on you in vain. Go to it! As ever, W. BETT.

No word as to the mysterious lies of Smeed or as to (*Continued on page 46*)

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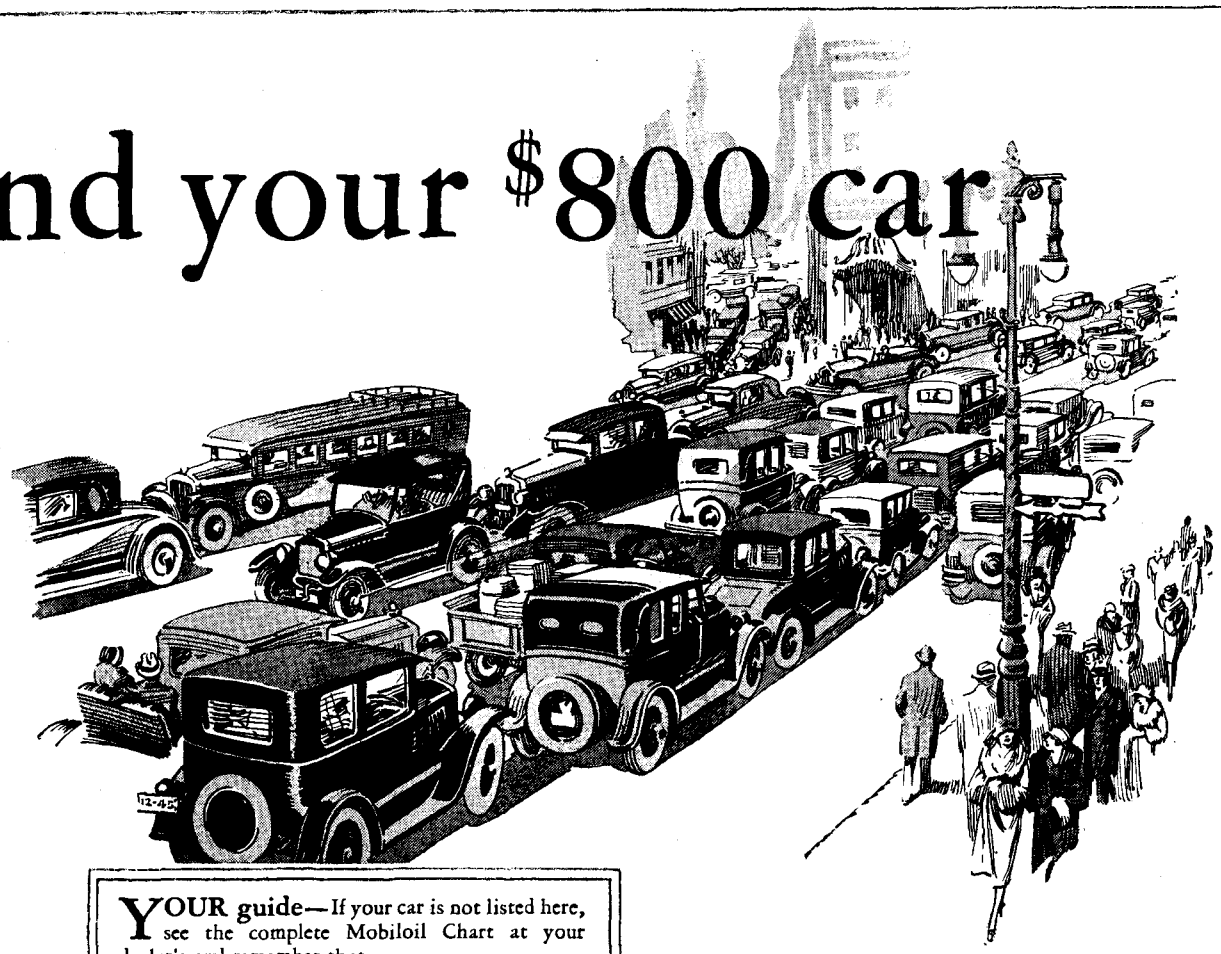
Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

"Oil"—and your $800 car



Why today's "average" car needs more than average lubrication

In 1920, the price of the average automobile was $1,281. Five years later the average price dropped to $878.

This 31.4% price reduction has crowded the highways with motor vehicles. And the majority of today's 20,000,000 cars are the new, less expensive models.

In today's automobile you get greater value per dollar than ever before. But you can't expect an $800 automobile to be made with *quite* the same precision, or of *quite* the same materials as one that costs twice as much.

Hence correct lubrication is far more important to the lower-priced car—the car which makes up the great majority today.

* * *

In 1920 Gargoyle Mobiloil was the best oil our 52 years' experience told us how to make—*at that time*.

Then the trend toward lower-priced cars became still more pronounced. Engine speeds were stepped up. Compressions were increased. Driving became faster. Winter driving increased yearly mileage. Congested traffic multiplied starts and stops.

Every one of these changes meant a new load for lubrication—for the $800 automobile even more than the costlier car.

Step by step we put a new and still greater margin of safety into Mobiloil—until finally we had the Mobiloil that lubricated the engines of Commander Byrd's plane on his flight to the North Pole; the Mobiloil that brought Lindbergh's engine through without a single slip on his flight from New York to Paris; the Mobiloil that carried the U. S. Army Fliers and Arthur Goebel successfully to Hawaii.

Today Mobiloil is used by more automotive engineers than any other three oils combined. And it is recommended in more automobile instruction books than any other three oils.

It will pay you to drain your crankcase now and refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil as specified on the Mobiloil Chart. Any Mobiloil dealer has this Chart. *It is the only lubricating guide which is approved by 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks.*

YOUR guide—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's and remember that . . .

182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chandler Sp. 6	A	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" other mods.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other mods.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Dodge Bros. 4-cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	....	....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
" " 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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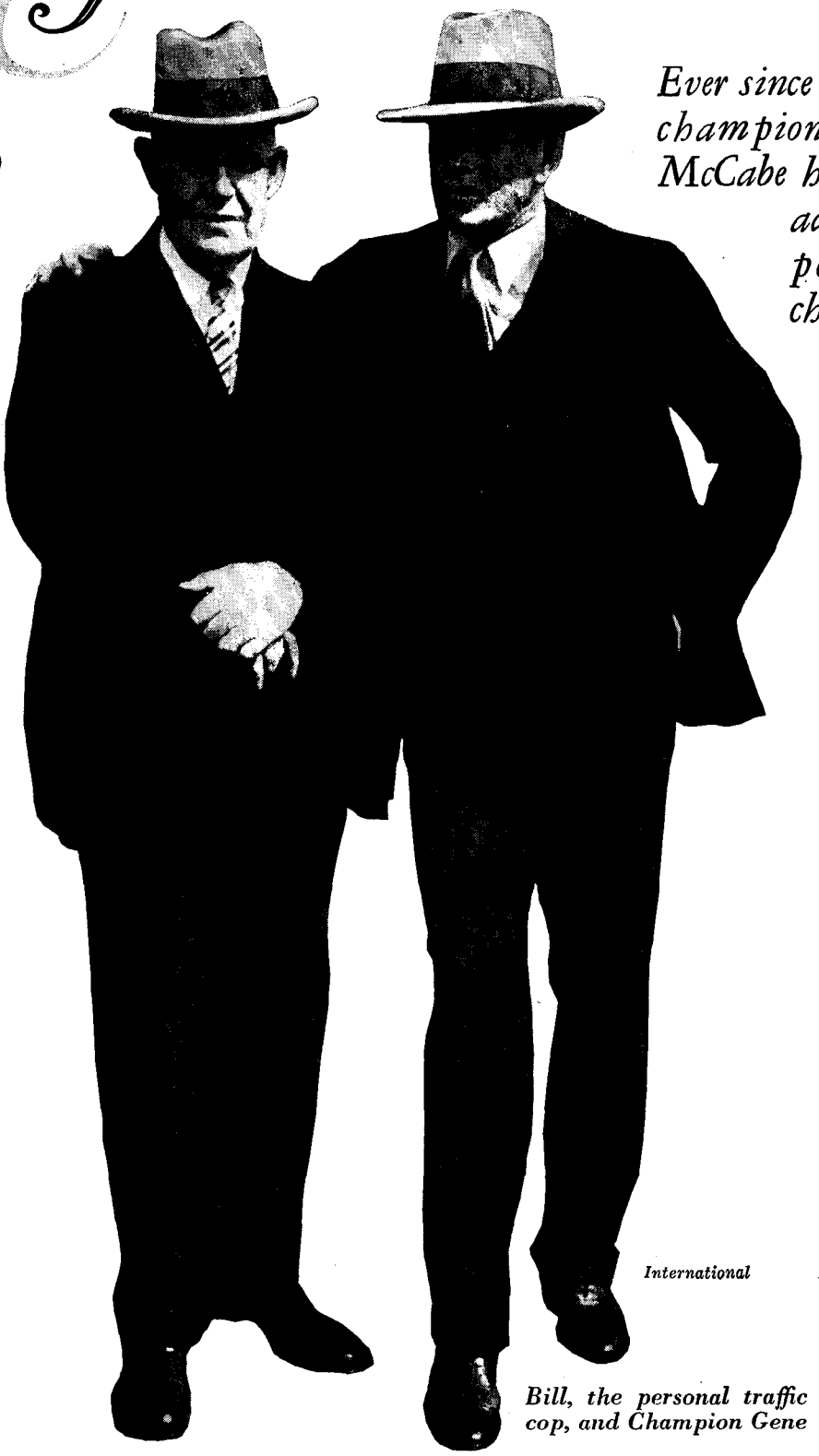
My Friend the Champ

An interview with BILL McCABE

Ever since Tunney won an A. E. F. championship in France Bill McCabe has been his close friend, adviser and guard against pests. He knows the champion, if anyone does

By JOHN B. KENNEDY



International

Bill, the personal traffic cop, and Champion Gene

OLD BILL McCABE trudged along the Boulevard des Italiens in the kind of Paris drizzle that perforates the bones. It was gray dawn. In two capacious hands he carried clusters of footballs like toy balloons. A military policeman grinned out of a sail-colored mackintosh as Bill passed, and where they squatted outside a store entrance two soggy marines hailed Bill's approach with a glad cry.

The "store" was the Knights of Columbus club for the A. E. F. in the Paris area. Bill (who wasn't then the rotund figure he is today, what with a guy having to forego butter with all the world at war, and K. of C. regulations requiring a fellow to be on duty morning, noon and night) said how-do to the marines, made them hold the footballs and led them into the club. Spotting their S. O. S. insignia, he asked what they were doing in Paris and what he could do for them.

"My name's Eggleton," said one marine. "I'm from St. Louis." The other seemed to shy. "We're up here for the A. E. F. championship fights."

"And what's your name?" Bill asked the other.

"Tunney."

"He's fighting this boy Jamison of the Third Army Corps for the light-heavy title," Eggleton explained.

"That so?" said Bill. He provided the usual K. of C. welcome of cocoa, cigarettes and what not creature comforts, while his cold gray eyes, shrewd to judge the shapes and characters of men, sized up the strapping youngster who had come up from nowhere to defend the honor of the marines against the challenge of the army.

The boys registered in the big book McCabe kept, Mark Eggleton signing with the quick, small hand of a professional man, the other boy sprawling James Joseph Tunney in space enough for two.

"What are your chances tonight?" McCabe asked the fighter.

"That doesn't worry me," said Tunney, "but our chaplain said if I didn't bring back a load of altar linen from the K. of C. he'd give me a licking."

That night a young boxer, whom a Y. M. C. A. announcer branded with the nickname "Gene," carried off light-heavyweight honors—his friend Eggleton assisting as his second.

When Tunney returned to the K. of C. club he got his load of linen.

"Here are the gloves you gave me, Mr. McCabe," he said, passing over the pads dented by Mr. Jamison's countenance.

"Keep 'em," said Bill, "to remember me by."

Tunney and Eggleton marched off with the trophies and their burden. Said Eggleton to Tunney:

"You made a hit with that old guy. You know what he said this morning to those fellows in there? That you had the makings of a champion."

Tunney walked all the way back to thank Bill McCabe.

"It's right," said Bill. "Keep as fit as you look, and when you get back home take on the easy ones for two hundred a bout and duck the hard ones until you get experience. You'll come through."

Not High-Hat But a Bit Cold

LESS than seven years later the heavyweight champion of the world, with his friend Bill McCabe, stepped off a train at St. Louis, to be met by Mark Eggleton, a prosperous attorney.

"Where have I seen you before?" said Eggleton, sizing up Bill, ampler in girth, broader in smile.

"He's the prophet of Paris," said Tunney. "Place him?"

"That's so," said Eggleton, and as a cab rolled to the Athletic Club, he added: "Before you leave town, tell me I'll be rich."

Nobody, outside his immediate family, is closer to Gene Tunney than Bill McCabe.

"Gene," says Bill, "never mixes private with public affairs. Nowadays the heavyweight champion of the world is as much a part of the general scene as a statesman. Everybody wants to know everything about him and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

"But you'll probably never see a picture of Gene's family in the newspapers. A photographer hung around his house for days once, when Gene was out of town, trying to get a close-up of Gene's mother. When Tunney returned they told him about this, so he went out and met the young man, who told him he'd been assigned to make a picture of the champion's mother.

"'That's strange,' said Tunney, 'but as long as I've known anything about it my mother has made her own engagements with photographers.'

"Then he invited the young camera man to have lunch with him—at his hotel.

"Gene's way, that. He's cold at times, but always courteous. High-hat, some of them call him. But he's not high-hat. He's the simplest fellow I know. He won't even wear a belt except in the ring. He likes old-fashioned galluses and solid, square-toed boots. No patent-leather or flourishing spats for him! The boy is solid in body and sound in head.

"When I got back to America from France, after Governor Smith had appointed me confidential agent of the State Prison Commission, I met Gene—we had exchanged postcards previously. He was getting a bit of a reputation fighting trial horses and was under the management of Billy Roche, the old-time fight referee. Now, most of these young boxers, when they knock out a man or two, get all puffed up. They think they're killers. Not so Gene.

"'You're doing well, Gene,' I told him. 'But don't pick hard ones for a thousand dollars a show now when you can get the not-so-hard for three or four hundred. You've knocked out ten men already; but that's wear and tear. The dynamite artists usually end up cutting out paper dolls.'"

Playboy for Dempsey? No

THERE was, for example, Tunney's opportunity to become a sparring partner to Jack Dempsey before his fight with the Wild Bull of the Pampas, Luis Angel Firpo. Bill McCabe knew Dempsey's playful manner with sparring partners.

"This Dempsey," Bill recalls telling Tunney—"this fellow they call the Manassa Mauler is an executioner, Gene, not a boxer. Don't play in his back yard at all. When you face him in a ring let people pay plenty for the privilege of seeing you."

At intervals, when such minor crises arose, Gene developed a habit of consulting Bill McCabe. Tunney's managers changed, Roche succeeded Simmons and Gibbons succeeded Roche.

"I suppose," Bill explains, "that he finally asked me to go along with him because he figured that a fellow who had been head of a detective agency, as I had, and used to meeting the celebrities who have fingers pointed at them as well as the celebrities who get their fingers printed—I suppose Gene thought I might help him out as a sifter of the hundreds of people and propositions that swamp a champion if he doesn't have a sort of personal traffic cop for his business."

Bill is suavity in shirt sleeves; easy to meet, tough to pass.

We chatted in the hotel office he maintains for Tunney, bordered by tables piled with mail, principally from schoolboys requesting (*Continued on page 39*)

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"I was too Weak for sport like this a few years back"

Mrs. Kenneth Powell, of Seattle, testing her new-found strength in an ascent of Nesquali Glacier, Rainier National Park

Seattle, Wash.

"WHEN the mountains rear their heads at your back doorstep the challenge they throw you is too good to ignore. For several years, however, I suffered too badly from constipation really to enjoy *any* sports.

"In almost constant pain from gas caused by fermenting wastes in my system, I became depressed, nervous. And I thought I had already tried everything. Then one day my physician said, 'I am going to suggest that you try Fleischmann's Yeast.'

"I did try it. At first I thought it didn't help. Then I found that when I took it with water it helped me—wonderfully. My health has been greatly improved. My whole outlook on life has become more cheerful."

Mrs. Kenneth D. Powell.

UNLIKE medicines, which rely for effect on larger and ever larger doses, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure, non-habit-forming *food* . . . As fresh as any garden vegetable.

Its action is simple, sure. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps the intestines clean. Rouses the sluggish muscles. "Regulates."

As your constipation disappears, your whole being thrills with new-found energy and health. Your skin clears and freshens. Your digestion becomes better than ever before!

Buy two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. E-51, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

"My old energy was gone. I lacked appetite. Couldn't sleep . . . And none of the many things I had tried seemed to help . . . What a thrill I got when, after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four weeks I underwent a complete change! It was the experience of a girl I know who had recovered her health by eating Yeast that decided me on it. I ate three cakes a day, first in hot water, later just plain. My former symptoms disappeared. My energy was liberated. I have found in Fleischmann's Yeast the 'something' that eliminates sluggishness. It is a godsend."

Arthur G. Lycette, E. Saugus, Mass.

"There were few things I could eat without having a bad attack of indigestion. This had gone on for some time. I had tried all sorts of remedies, getting only temporary relief . . . Running across an advertisement of Fleischmann's Yeast, I decided to give *it* a trial—and immediately telephoned my grocer for a dozen cakes, to start. Three times a day I took a cake dissolved in a glass of hot water.

"So remarkable were the results that I can't say too much for Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month I was able to eat my favorite dishes—and laugh at indigestion. My complexion was greatly improved, too."

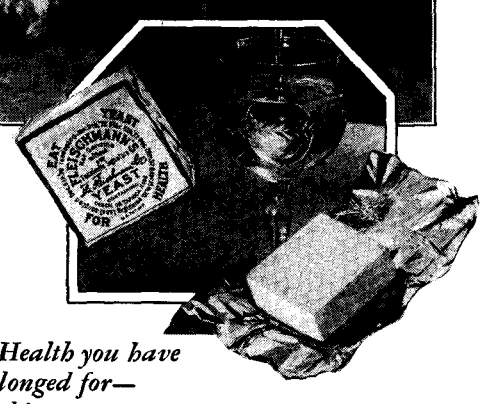
Mrs. Bernard Campbell, Chicago, Ill.

ABOVE

Vigor, stamina, alertness—these qualities are at a premium in Mr. Lee's favorite sport . . . He writes as follows:

"I used to feel embarrassed every morning when I went to school on account of the pimples on my face. One day one of my schoolmates asked me what I was doing for them, and I told him the name of a certain medicine I was using. 'Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?' he said. I didn't take his advice at first, but I see now that if I had I would have saved myself a lot of suffering, for today—after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for some time—my face is as clear as a baby's. And I have all sorts of strength for hockey and basketball."

Lyman O. Lee, Minneapolis, Minn.



Health you have longed for—this easy way: Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one before each meal or between meals: plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed.

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Valentine's Day

FEBRUARY 14TH

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Fine Fellows

Continued from page 7

ahead of the flight and saw below them and far to the right a pair of two-seaters. Their own. Two R. E.'s doing a reconnaissance. Now Warburton was climbing. Preest frowned. Warburton was climbing straight into the sun, soaring with his flight behind him, so that they seemed to be light-loving birds or insects—right into the sun. Preest's eyes were dazzled, and his vision cut short as his nose tipped upward and the sun hit the greasy windshield in front of him. He lurched up in his seat to get a clearer vision. Warburton was not swerving. Still he aimed at the sun.

They had stopped climbing now, and Preest was glad to see Warburton plainly in front of him and below him. He looked to his right and observed that Locke and Bellflame had fallen a trifle to the rear. He would have throttled down to join them, but at the moment when his fingers fumbled at the twin throttles the thing happened.

BEHIND them and below them a burst of machine-gun fire shattered the droning of their engines. A rocket shot forth from Warburton's plane—a red rocket—action! And Warburton tossed his machine about in a half roll. Preest had been warned of this. He saw Humphries and Squires zoom to come about, and immediately he kicked over his rudder and twisted his stick to perform the left turn which was his part. But he did it nervously, and his Camel went into a spin. He caught a vivid glimpse of Squires shooting above him, and then was overcome by the awful fact that he was in a spin. Camels had been known not to come out of a left-hand spin!

He let go his controls, but the little machine continued to whirl him giddily about. He shut off his engine and kicked his rudder hard to right. Magically the spin stopped, and he found himself diving earthward with the wind shrieking in his wires. He brought her gingerly out of that and pushed forward his throttles. The engine failed to respond. He'd choked her. He cut off his gas and blew her out. As he did so, he was conscious of the gunfire above. There was a great deal of it. Many machine guns rattling and barking up above him. He played with the throttle, desperately striving to keep cool, and sped steeply toward the earth as he did so. Suddenly his engine roared; at last he had got the right mixture. He pulled back his stick and zoomed upward with startling abruptness. He almost looped, but fell out of it, and described a half roll. From below came a series of deep barks, then a gigantic cough, and two black bursts in front of his nose. He shot over to the side and upward.

That was anti-aircraft fire. It afflicted him with momentary panic, but the rattle of the machine guns came to him from above, and with the thought of his companions the panic fled. He must get back to them. A glance at his altitude meter showed him to be 6,000 feet in the air. Warburton had turned at 11,000. He had lost 5,000 feet.

Eagerly he scanned the upper spaces, finding his direction in the sound of the gunfire. He was in time to see one of the R. E.'s darting earthward with two strange gray planes on its tail. Then he discerned the battle of scouts above. A scattered flock of giant birds which weaved and circled in the air, spitting death at one another with a raucous clatter. The sun shot clear beams about them, and the sky was a glory of blue and gold and gray.

Two Camels parted from the fight and sped after the Germans who harried the two-seater. Preest set his nose at the R. E. 8 and gave his engine full speed in an effort to join the rescue party. But the Camels got there first. He saw one of them dive on a German scout. He heard the din of its machine gun, and saw the German veer away into a dive. The other turned tail and came speeding through the air toward Preest's plane. Desperately Preest pulled up his oil-pressure handle to prepare his gun for action. As he did so the German plane sped across above him. Preest turned, but the German had become a speck against the sun. Again Preest turned and saw seven German planes above him following the fugitive. He himself was speeding toward the lines. He turned once more, and set his nose at the sun into which the Germans were disappearing. As he turned he glimpsed the R. E. far below, still gliding earthward. Then above his upper wing he saw the five planes of his flight turning to the south. Seized with panic, he cried out.

"Oh, wait! Wait!" he cried vainly.

As though in answer to his cry, three gray planes left the group of fleeing Germans and turned back. Preest did not see them turn, but he knew they had done so when the machine guns of the leading Albatross sent a stream of bullets ticking through his fuselage. At the sound of gunfire Warburton turned back, and the Germans fled even as Preest, with a great surge of anger in him, swung around to meet them. Warburton and the flight dropped to his level as they circled back, and Preest found himself magically in position beside Bellflame and Locke once more.

They flew southward for some twenty miles, swung back across the lines and soon had the airdrome beneath them again. Then came the landing, and Preest found himself gliding down with his teeth tightly clenched, striving to keep in sight the other five machines, his heart filled with fear of colliding with them and his mind devoid of confidence in the result of this descent. But he landed well, and taxied to the tarmac with a sense of elation which he had not felt since he flew with an instructor.

Warburton was standing beside his plane when he climbed out, and Preest impulsively gave voice to his elation.

"Lit like a bird!" he cried.

Warburton looked at him coolly.

"Yes," he said. "Good landing."

And Preest knew he had said the wrong thing . . . burbled like a young idiot when he should have kept his place . . . the newcomer, the greenhorn.

Warburton turned away from him to Squires and Locke, who strolled together down the tarmac.

"Come in for a drink?" asked Warburton.

"Just the thing," agreed Squires. And they strolled away, leaving Preest, perplexed and subdued, behind them.

He stood there at his machine and stared after them. They hadn't so much as noticed him—cut him, as a matter of fact, and it served him right, burbling like a kid after a somersault. He hadn't done so well either, if it came to that. . . .

His thoughts stopped short, paralyzed by an overwhelming suspicion. Did they think that he had spun down, when Warburton signaled for action, on purpose to avoid the fight?

Oh, Lord! Preest reviewed in his mind the pictures of the morning, and a chill stole through him. A heavy burden seemed to press him down. For he realized that to them his behavior could have had no other meaning. Warburton had fired that signal, and he had spun away. Only the anti-aircraft fire below had sent him up again. Of course they had so interpreted it. . . . Oh, Lord!

A flight of planes swept down from the sky and landed lightly on the airdrome. Preest didn't hear or see them. He stood rooted on the spot where the others had left him. The mechanics had taken in his machine; the others of his flight had disappeared. He stood alone. He desired strongly that he might die. Drop dead. Be buried. Buried; that's what he wanted; some hole, some merciful place of oblivion. Oh, Lord! . . .

"Well, I got him!" It was Hanray at his elbow. His face flushed, his eyes radiant, Hanray could not contain his exultation.

"You what?" faltered Preest.

"Got him! First blood! We had a scrap over the lines, and I brought down my first German plane. Congratulate me, old top!"

And then Collet was beside him, pumping Hanray's hand, congratulating him; totally ignoring the presence of Preest. And another group was off toward the mess hut, leaving Preest once more alone. He walked stiffly to his hut and flung himself on the bed. What luck! What damnable luck!

Humphries came into the hut. He entered noisily, uplifted by the potations which had followed combat; then, seeing Preest, he abruptly became quiet, as though he had unwarily entered a sickroom. There followed an effort to make the best of it.

"Cuthbertson's decidedly blotto," he proclaimed. "And the C. O.'s splashing about reckless. Blotto, mind you, and lunch isn't till a quarter to one."

He paused, shamed and embarrassed by the straight, serious scrutiny of his youthful roommate.

"Does Warburton think I funked that show this morning?" Preest demanded.

Humphries frowned uncomfortably.

"Of course he does," he said. "But you needn't get hot about it. The C. O.'s so bucked up about Hanray's potting a German that all's forgiven and forgotten."

PREEST sprang to his feet and started at Humphries as though he saw visions.

"I didn't!" he cried. "God's truth, I didn't! The damned thing went into a spin. I didn't funk it! The bloody machine went into a spin! . . . Oh why don't they stop those guns!" He sank onto the bed once more and tried to deafen himself to the insistent rumble of the distant batteries. The effort involved a fixed and glassy stare, which moved Humphries to something that bordered on panic.

"Oh, no!" He protested. "My dear old fellow, no, no! Don't be an ass about it. We can't all be Hanrays and Collets, you know. I've been funking the whole damned filthy business ever since ground school. Come on, old egg. A peg of the real stuff, that's what you need. It is, really!"

He was pouring amber fluid into a cracked mug when Warburton entered the hut, and the captain's entrance so upset him that he drank it down in a gulp.

"Steady on," he spluttered, by way of warning his flight leader that tact was indicated, and he was overcome by a paroxysm of choking. Preest pounced on Warburton immediately.

"I didn't funk that show this morning, sir!" he cried.

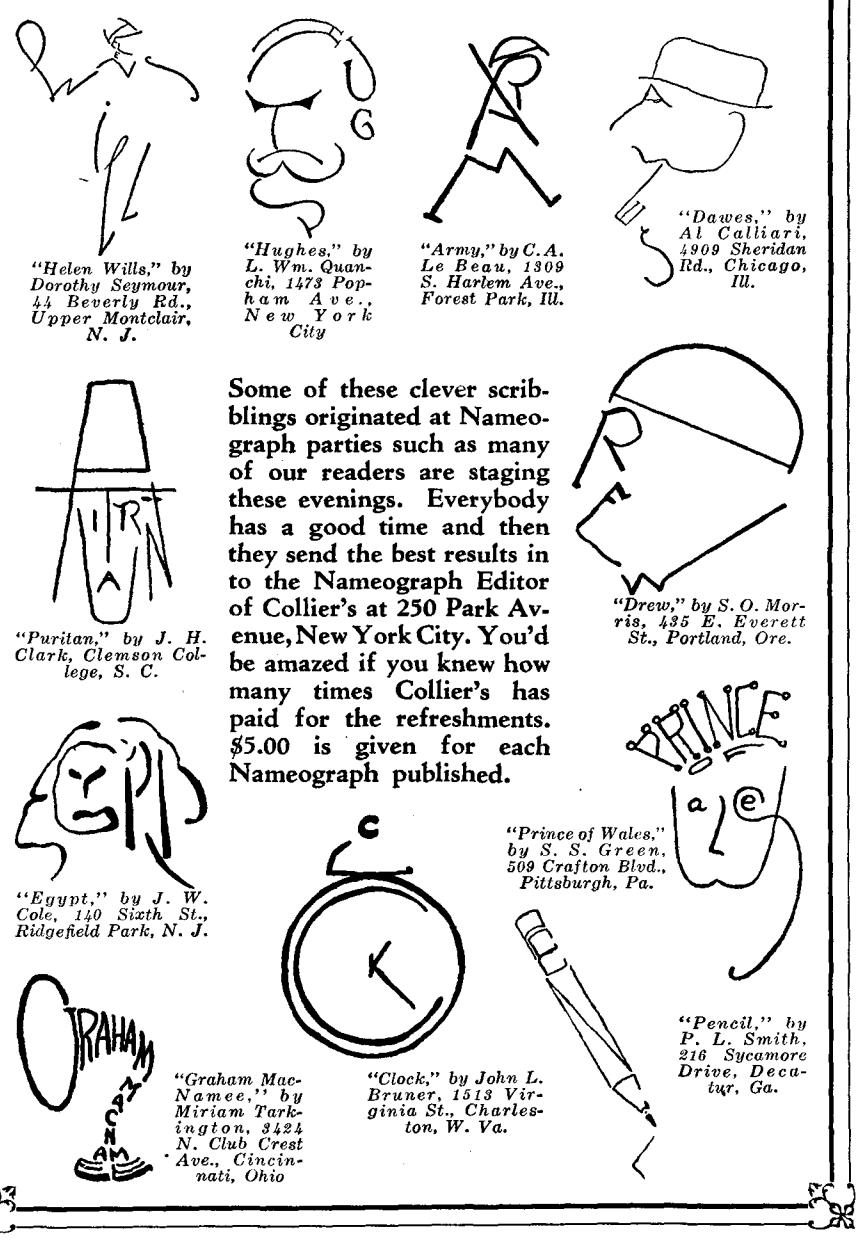
Warburton grinned.

"Of course not," he said. "And it doesn't matter if you did. Don't suppose you're expected to wipe out an enemy squadron the first morning, do you?"

"What's Collet's idea about the top-hole flight, skipper?" Humphries was

(*Continued on page 30*)

NAMEOGRAPHS



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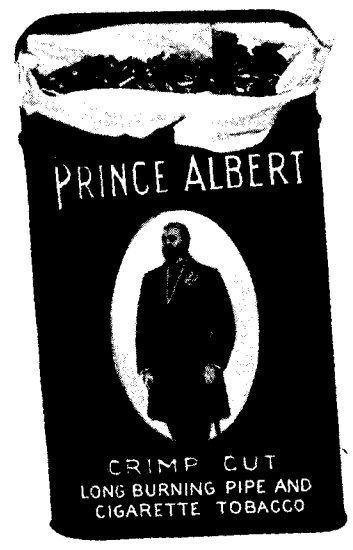

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Fine Fellows

Continued from page 28

justly proud of his ability to change any subject whatsoever which he deemed in the least delicate. "'M I in it?"

"You are," said Warburton. "That's my calling card. It's you and me, Hanray, Barrington, Dane and Collet. Two men from D Flight. How's that?"

That, it seemed, was deserving of celebration, and Preest profited by the general good feeling which the news invoked to the extent of being included in the festivities. It was in the round of drinks and comradeship which followed that Preest learned the significance of Warburton's announcement. The air must be cleared of enemy planes while the push was on, and each squadron was to make up a crack flight of its best men to do the work. The combination which Warburton had named was Squadron Sixty-three's contribution, and because Warburton was among the elect Preest was to fly hereafter under the leadership of Bellflame.

In the gray mists of the afternoon Preest stood beside the hangars and saw Collet lead his top-hole flight into the air. They took off in formation and circled the airdrome in perfect alignment before heading toward the lines; and Preest, who had devoted those hours on the range to the purpose of some day joining such a flight as that, watched them disappear into the gray and oppressive heavens before he turned to the group which Bellflame had drawn about him.

Bellflame was nervous. His unwavering blue eyes gazed into immeasurable space as he addressed the men over whom he had been placed in command, and he spoke with a quiet drawl which deprecated his own authority.

"We'll just keep the usual formation," he said. "And I'll blaze away with the old fireworks whenever a scrap's toward. We ought to try and do a bit better than the nobs who are out with Collet. We can try, anyway. And let's all stick together until the washout."

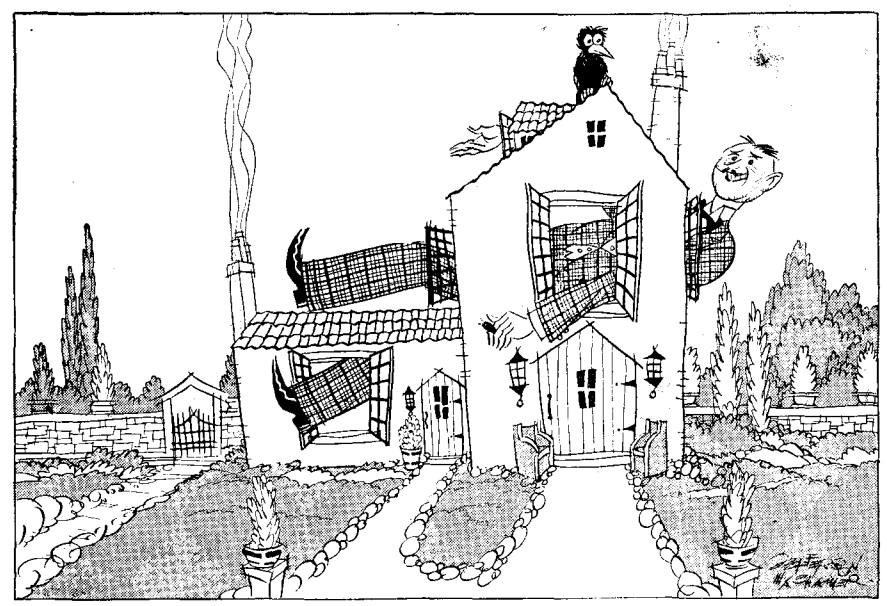
Again Preest found himself crowded into the tiny cockpit of the Camel. Again he squinted down the guns which lay before him, and again he strove nervously to find the mixture which would lift him from the earth without disaster. Again he was skimming swiftly beneath wet clouds, with the smoke and dust-obscured lines beneath him and his comrades at his side. Only this time it was Morley-Compton whose plane danced and bobbed before him and beneath him, while Cuthbertson, who had been drunk before luncheon, flew at his right hand.

It seemed as though they had hardly crossed the lines when the noise of the machine guns rattled in their ears, and Preest was still scanning the skies to the north, whence the hateful sound proceeded, when Bellflame turned, and Preest, with the flight, turned behind him.

WITH the sun at his back and the gunfire shattering the silence of the sky before him, Preest finally discerned the combatants. They appeared suddenly. Where only the sullen gray of the cloudy sky had been, Preest saw through a transparent film of sun rays a vision of many fighting planes. The air seemed full of them. He had never seen so many planes in flight at once. It was a far-flung fight and deep, for the planes flew at many altitudes, and they appeared against the sun's rays as frail, as delicate and as unsubstantial as so many dragon flies.

Preest realized the picture in one glance, and in one glance he saw the unforgetable testimony of the battle. He saw the weaving, dazzling evolutions of the fighting planes; one which shot down across the sky trailing a black cloud of smoke behind it; another which glided in mad antics toward the earth. Then a sudden rocket shot from Bellflame's plane and Preest saw his leader turn away from the distant battle. He followed the turn, and scanned a new territory of the sky for some hint of what had distracted Bellflame from the dog fight. The evidence was directly in front of them—a dozen planes of ghostly gray, which advanced from the eastern sky high above them.

Bellflame was climbing. He was leading his flight in a bee line toward the advancing enemy—leading his five followers in a maneuver which Preest sensed at once was to their disadvantage. Bellflame was making a mistake. Climbing at that angle toward the superior machines of the German scouts, the Camels were meat for the larger number of Fokkers. Bellflame should have woven circles in the air and waited for the enemy to come down to his level or he should have climbed in circles and kept the Fokkers from passing. As it was, the enemy would have the first shot from above at machines which flew straight as a die into their fire. They would deliver their volley and pass across above them. The Camels would be cut off from the lines. It was suicide. It was hopeless. . . .



The man who designs night club dance floors builds himself a home

All this Preest thought as he held his machine in formation behind the infatuated leadership of Bellflame. And then the ghost-gray planes of the enemy were upon them, dipping, to deliver their first fire.

Preest had his synchronizing gear under pressure and the trigger handle in the palm of the hand which clutched his stick. He saw Bellflame veer away into the spiral which he should have begun long before, and he saw Squires, who flew in front of him, throw up both his hands as though in a gesture of despair. Squires' plane slipped away, disappeared, and Preest pulled up into a stalling turn as the gray bellies of three Fokkers shot across the sky above him. He came about and saw a machine with black crosses on its wings circling about to right of him. Another circled to left, and a third was swinging about in a great circle directly in front of him. The completion of the circle would bring that Fokker into collision with him, and as he realized it Preest fired. He fired as he would have fired at a charging lion, and the Fokker fell from its circle into a surprising dip.

Then Preest heard the clatter of machine guns to his left. He turned, conscious of an immense assurance, a ridiculous self-confidence. He saw Bellflame below him circling madly in an effort to shake from his tail a persistent gray machine.

A gun rattled behind him, and he heard the bullets whine above the roar of his motor. But that seemed unimportant. His eyes were intent upon a gray form which pounced like a giant bird upon Bellflame. He swerved and flew straight at the attacking enemy, crossing so little above Bellflame's upper wing that he wondered abstractly why his undercarriage didn't foul it. He fired at point-blank range, and saw the German zoom, to fall away to the left in a dip which almost brushed Preest's wing tip.

Preest was moving now as though he were in a dream. In a mad and fantastic moment he had forgotten his own safety and lost thought of the enemy as flyers who must be downed. He was moved by one fanatic purpose. Bellflame must be extricated from the hole into which he had flown. Time after time in the flashing moments of that combat, Preest was target for the rattling guns. He was deaf to them and blind to the damage which they wrought upon his plane. He only knew that the flight must be herded around, and the enemy placed to the east. That Bellflame, Cuthbertson, Locke and Morley-Compton must return from this battle alive!

"One is enough!" he cried to himself as he hurled his plane at a gray Fokker which crossed his bows to get at Cuthbertson's tail. One is enough! And the enemy veered into a spin to avoid collision. He saw Morley-Compton's plane suddenly dashed from its line of flight with one wing flapping grotesquely from tangled wires, and a pang of self-reproach shot through him. He should have prevented that. He should have been more alert. . . .

He swung from his attack upon the man who sent Morley-Compton down, to harry the Fokkers which hedged Locke and Cuthbertson in. He flew straight, dashing in among the circling enemy with an audacity more potent than the gunnery which rewarded his hours on range and target practice. They gave way because they too loved life, and his guns were deadly at close range.

Then the air was clear. The ghostly gray machines had become one with the clouds and the lowering mists. Magically they had disappeared in the time which it had taken Preest to whirl about in a mad effort to gain the tail of one who had escaped him. He was flying back again to the lines, with Bellflame before and below him, Cuthbertson to the right, and Locke to the left.

The clouds were low, pressing them down upon the earth. They passed over the lines in a gray drapery of mist, and Preest, seeing the airdrome beneath him, felt all his fine courage and self-confidence run from his breast as water runs from a fallen bottle.

Once more he was faced by the perils and doubts of a landing. Once more he felt the knowledge which battle had not made him feel, that his life and safety depended on his luck. And in another forty seconds he was sitting, pale and trembling, in a machine which rested in the middle of the 'drome with its engine dead and one wing torn by bad landing.

The mechanics came and patiently, deferentially swung his prop. This time their eyes were not upon his trembling hand nor upon his tense and irritated face; they had eyes only for the splintered struts, the torn fabric, the shattered windshield and the many other evidences of German bullets which Preest had totally ignored. And in their voices was a deep and quiet respect, for Bellflame was already on the tarmac and had spoken with Collet of the combat. He had spoken in a voice pitched rather high; a voice which had been broken by queer, falsetto chuckles.

"HE FOUGHT like a bat out of hell, Collie! Used us like decoys. Got after 'em like stink whenever they jumped our tail! He's a genius—a bloody genius—and if we hadn't had him I'd 've botched it all up and gone! I tell you he saved my neck! I flew in like a blind cab horse. . . . Put Compton and Squires down to my account. If it hadn't been for him, I'd 've killed every man I had. . . ."

Collet took him over to the mess.

Preest walked from the hangars to his hut without knowing it.

A drizzle of rain blew in from the east and rustled poignantly upon the iron roof. The door blew gently open, and the cold drizzle touched his cheek. He started to close the door, and against the gray evening saw the trim figure of Collet approaching him. Collet stood in the doorway and nodded to him.

"Bellflame told me about it," said Collet. "You did well. We're short of men now."

Preest frowned at the floor boards.

"I'm sorry," he said. "If we'd had a bit of time to choose our ground, it might have been different. Anyway, I might have moved quicker. . . ."

"We flew into some rather hot stuff ourselves." Collet was saying, and Preest looked up at him quickly as he realized that the major was talking as with an equal. "Found the circus of the old baron himself, and Hanray pulled down the house. Flew right into them. Hanray's gone . . . and Warburton. They got Humphries too."

"Oh Lord!" Preest was staring at him with the old sorrow suffusing his soul. "Oh, Lord!" he murmured. "Oh, Lord!"

"Wish you'd take Cuthbertson in here with you," said Collet. "Warburton's the second mate he's lost in six days. Bad for his nerves, you know."

"Of course," said Preest.

"And I want you to take over D Flight."

Preest continued to stare at the floor.

"All right?" queried Collet.

"Of course," said Preest. "Of course."

Collet gnawed his mustache for a moment.

"Don't think too much," he said clumsily. "It's bad. We just carry on, you know." Very quietly he walked from the hut.

Hanray . . . Humphries . . . Warburton . . . Morley-Compton . . . Squires . . . The roster ran through Preest's mind as vividly as so many lighted signs.

"Oh, Lord!" he murmured. "Oh, my Lord!"

The drizzle outside turned to a lashing fury of rain. It thundered on the iron roof and splashed from the eaves and against the window. Preest arose to his feet and stared at the gushing water on the panes. He drew a deep breath.

Close in, that was the thing to do. Ignore the man on your tail and fly straight into 'em. Then fire at point-blank range. . . . He must get over the lines before breakfast and try it out. . . .

The rain stormed furiously against the glass, and Preest frowned.

"Hope it clears up before morning," he said aloud.

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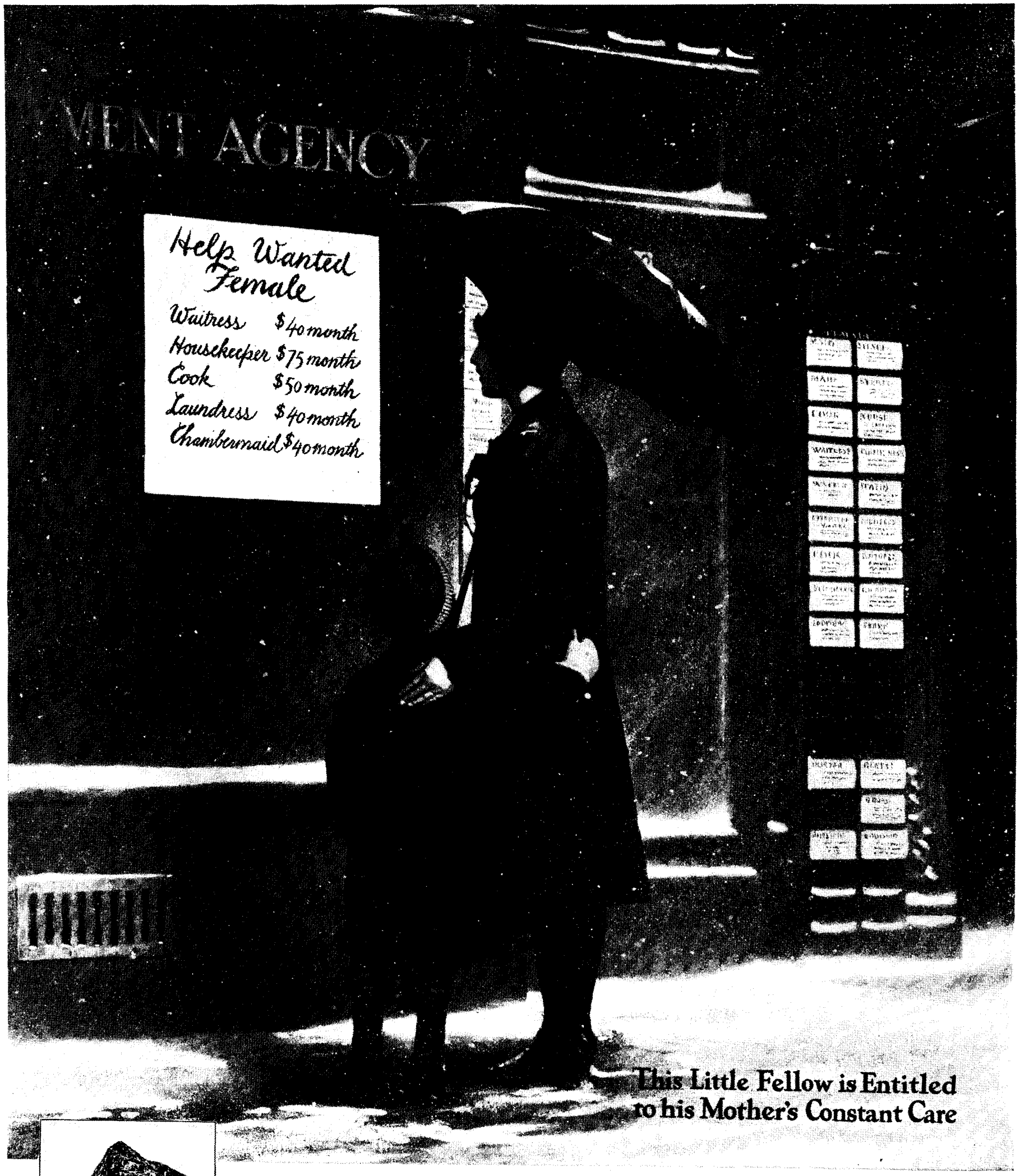
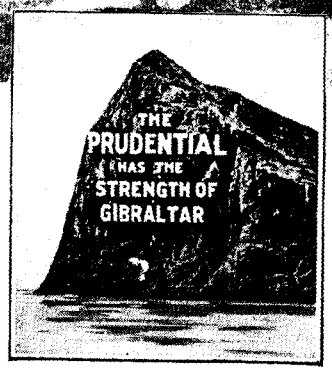


This Little Fellow is Entitled to his Mother's Constant Care



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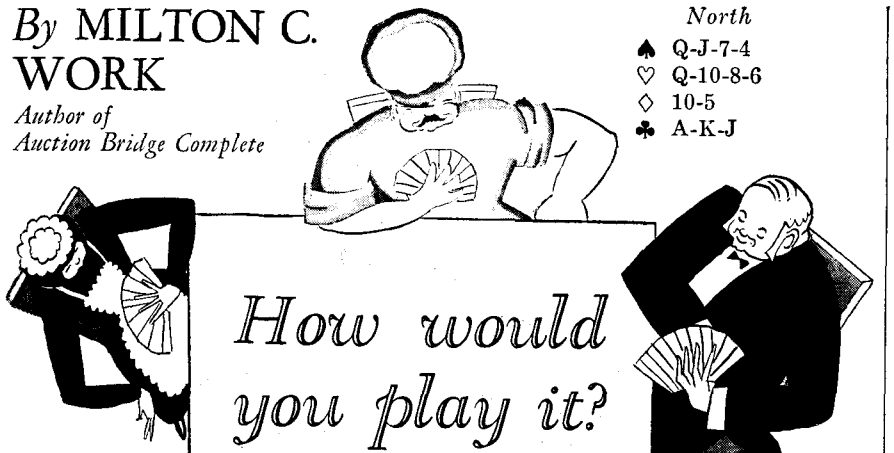
By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete



How would you play it?

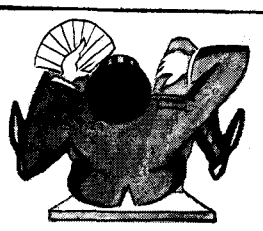
No. 14

These hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, January 31st. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

North
♠ Q-J-7-4
♡ Q-10-8-6
◇ 10-5
♣ A-K-J

West
♠ K-6
♡ A-K-J-9-4-3
◇ A-9-6
♣ 8-2

East
♠ 10-9-5-3-2
♡ 5-2
◇ 7-3
♣ Q-10-9-7



South
♠ A-8
♡ 7
◇ K-Q-J-8-4-2
♣ 6-5-4-3

SOUTH bid one Diamond. This would have been sound even if the Jack of Diamonds had not been included in the suit and the suit had been one card shorter. A five-card suit headed by K-Q with a side Ace furnishes two quick tricks and is all that is needed for a sound initial bid.

West overcalled the Diamond with one Heart.

North, with the Hearts stopped twice, two probable stoppers in Spades, the A-K-J of Clubs, and only the Ten and Five of the suit bid initially by South, of course bid one No Trump.

After passes by East and South, West, having more than the strength required for his first Heart, bid two Hearts. This would indicate to East, in the event of North's rebidding the No Trump, that a Heart lead was earnestly desired and that West's hand contained real strength in that suit. But East was weak there, and North had ample justification for a rebid of the No Trump. And at two No Trumps the deal was played.

The Play

EAST properly opened his partner's suit, leading the Five, the higher of his two small Hearts. When the Dummy was exposed West was in position to read the situation with considerable accuracy. She could be quite sure that North had the Hearts stopped twice; his persistent No Trump bidding indicated it, and the Hearts which North must have made it clear that East's Five must be his top Heart. North being marked with the Q-10-8-6 of Hearts, the Hearts could not be established by West without giving North two Heart tricks. It was obvious to West that South (Dummy) could make five real Diamond tricks if his Diamonds could be established before his entry (the Ace of Spades) was taken out. West could block the Diamonds unless North had four, and the chances were all against that abnormal division. Therefore it was clear to West that if North were permitted to make two Hearts and South five Diamonds and the Ace of Spades, only one other trick in the North hand (the Ace of Clubs, for instance) would be needed to give game to North and South. West therefore appreciated that it would be losing policy to attempt to establish Hearts, and she realized the importance of extracting Dummy's Spade entry. Of course, with the probability of Spade strength in the North hand, leading the King of Spades would be an almost certain sacrifice of that card; but, while it would be giving the adversaries an unexpected Spade trick, it would result in the saving of three or four Diamond tricks in return.

West won trick 1 with the King of Hearts and led the King of Spades to trick 2. Declarer recognized at once the defensive measure that West was adopting and appreciated that, while it presented him with a Spade trick, it removed all chance of his going game. It was quite clear that West had the Diamonds blocked and that Declarer could not make a Heart trick, because South had no Hearts left to lead toward North's tenace. He might refuse to win the first Spade trick, but doing so would merely postpone the loss of his entry, as there would be no question that West would lead another Spade at once.

The Declarer consequently won trick 2 with the Ace of Spades and then led the King of Diamonds. When the Ace did not fall, his last slender hope of game disappeared. The three remaining chances of picking up an extra trick lay in the possibility of having the adversaries make up a Heart, of making them lead up to his A-K-J of Clubs, and of stealing a Diamond trick. He tried the last scheme first and led the Queen of Diamonds to trick 4. This would not gain anything if West held all the outstanding Diamonds; but it was more than probable that East had one of them and that West, being unable to place that Diamond, would not dare play his Ace because if the unplaced Diamond were held by North, North could put Dummy in later to make the long Diamonds. This ruse gained a trick for the Declarer.

North was now assured of three Spades, two Diamonds and two Clubs, and had the choice in order to make his contract, of trying the Club finesse or trying to force East to lead Clubs up to North. The finesse seemed to offer the better chance and, when it failed, East led the Ten of Clubs, which North won. All that the Declarer could now do was to lead the good Club and his two good Spades; consequently Declarer's winnings were limited to three Spades, two Diamonds and two Clubs, and he was defeated by one trick.

It is interesting to note how different the result would have been had West attempted to establish her Hearts instead of sacrificing her Spade King.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, February 7th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

The White Room

Continued from page 13

"You mean—" said the commander.

"I mean we claim sanctuary! How, goodness only knows—but we've got through the enemy's lines. Now we're out of their territory. There are no agents of the Zones aboard the old Ruritania."

"I've heard something about this Zone business," the captain admitted, "from Roscoe. But I'm pretty badly puzzled all the same. He considered he was up against the most highly organized gang of crooks in the history of crime—"

"He was right!" Stopford declared—"positively and definitely accurate!"

"Well, where do you come in?"

"Because of me," Madame Czerna answered. Bristol thought her accent enchanting. "I . . . was one of them!"

"What!"

The captain shouted the word as though, standing on the navigation bridge, he had addressed some slovenly operative on a dockside.

"They had a hold over me." She laid her hand restrainingly upon Stopford's arm. "Now I have left them and given all the information I can to Commander Roscoe. But—"

"But," Stopford broke in, "her life and her liberty are at stake as a result." He spoke sternly. Voice and expression had changed subtly. It was as though a disguised man had doffed his disguise. "At the moment Roscoe looks like winnin'. But for either of us to go ashore would be almost certain death!"

"THIS sounds a bit hollow, Chief!" The raiding party, now far above and south of the Blue Barber, were nearer to a big discovery than any one of them realized.

"Tear it down," ordered Burke.

"Where's Commander Roscoe?"

Nobody knew.

"Get Neville on the Bronson phone. Advise him we look like we'd found the shaft. Where's Solke?"

"Here," came a smooth voice.

"Where did you go five minutes back?"

"I went to see where Commander Roscoe had gone to."

"Come out into the light."

Max Solke, private secretary to Deputy Commissioner Burke and trustee of Police Headquarters secrets, showed a pale, intellectual face in the ray of a torch.

"You made a call on the Bronson line?"

"I admit it, sir."

"You were covered. Roscoe put me wise."

Max Solke, Zone Officer 1 B, registered no emotion. But his high forehead glistened oddly.

"You're under arrest. Take him away."

A murmur, subdued both by astonishment and respect for the formidable commissioner, greeted this order.

"Markham, you're responsible for the prisoner."

"Very good, sir."

Out on the avenues and along a piece of Broadway early-morning traffic was in a chaotic state. The police, who didn't know what it was all about nor why this extra work had been piled on to them, tried hard to keep tempers sweet. And a grim-faced Irishman smoking an amazingly long cigar on the twenty-second floor of the Scudamore Building was the cause of all the trouble.

The work of demolition proceeded. And presently, the mechanism of a sliding panel being uncovered, a small elevator shaft was revealed. Lights were cast upward and downward.

Deputy Commissioner Burke's smoldering cigar was intruded into the cavity.

"A good man might climb that cable," he growled, staring up reflectively—"but when he reached the top—" He turned. "Who's got the plan?"

"Here, Chief."

"Are we at the base of the Scudamore tower?"

"Sure, we are."

"Get out on to the fire ladder. We'll explore the top three floors."

Reaching back, he took a torch from the hand of the man standing nearest to him and, craning through the shattered panel, shot a white ray up the shaft.

"Good God!"

"What is it, Chief!"

Burke staggered as supporting arms went around him.

The torch all but fell from his hand.

"What's the matter, Burke?"

He came about, facing the speaker. Roscoe had rejoined the party.

"Up there," he replied, not quite steadily, "near the top of the shaft . . . something looked down at me—"

"Something?"

"A yellow, hairless thing—like a mummy! But its eyes moved!"

"Ah!" Roscoe laughed shortly. "So he's still up there!"

"He? The thing I saw wasn't human."

"Human or otherwise, the thing you saw is the thing we're after. That's HEAD CENTER!"

SOME high-powered instrument sparked viciously in the darkness of a room near the summit of the Scudamore tower. There came a swift tapping. Translated, it meant:

"Great Head Center. Your report."

The man masked by darkness replied:

"New York Head Center. Stop. Raiding party taking to fire ladders. Stop. New York Zones vacated. Stop. All according to plan. Report ends."

The instrument rapped again briefly:

"Withdraw."

Through a semishaded window a glare of white light shone, passed, and seemed to leave the room darker by contrast. Searchlight units had been detailed by the Fire Department, and the Scudamore tower rose through the misty darkness fitfully illuminated by moving beams. Antlike, men might be seen swarming up the ladders on the east side of the building.

The room, as revealed in that transient flash, proved to be a laboratory. There was evidence to show that a quantity of apparatus had recently been removed, and the shelves and cases were significantly bare.

A man stood at a small switchboard, his hat brim shading his features. Now, in the new darkness, he threw the light of a torch on to the board, reached up and unscrewed a large valve. . . .

Hatchets were at work somewhere close at hand.

There was a faint creaking sound. Then silence fell in the deserted laboratory, except for the noise made by the raiders.

The morning was gloomily dark. A sort of pall seemed to hang above the city. Early workers and belated revelers thronged the streets adjoining the barricades—all staring upward to where the Scudamore tower, fairylike, glittered magically, an enchanted minaret.

Burke's niece, Molly O'Hay, with her friend, Page Sutton's daughter, observed this phenomenon from afar. Escorted by Ned W. Regan, famous in two hemispheres as the man who had raised the profession of private detective to the level of an exquisite art, she was hastening to the battle area.

It was at about this time that entrance was forced to the laboratory by the raiding party. Drake Roscoe, with a following of six, had scaled higher. He was looking for the lurking place of the Zone spider.

"Help me over the ledge," said Deputy Commissioner Burke.

Respectful aid was given.

Burke found himself, ahead of his squad, in a square room which seemed to have been recently stripped of its more important fittings. Automatic in hand, he looked about him. His torch flashed from wall to wall. Then the others came tumbling in at his heels.

"Laboratory!" somebody said.

(*Continued on page 34*)

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The average reading time of this advertisement is only 16 seconds. Spend this fraction of a minute and save a life-time of regrets

What price Indifference ?

Perhaps you can "get by" sometimes without WEED Chains. But eventually a skid will come in a split second—perhaps to smash and take life. It's costly *indifference* that keeps WEEDS under the seat or in the garage instead of on the tires. Don't be indifferent—don't just *carry* WEED Chains. ***Use them!*** Remember *Wet Rubber Slips* and *WEED Chains Grip.*

Use **WEED CHAINS**

There can be no compromise with safety

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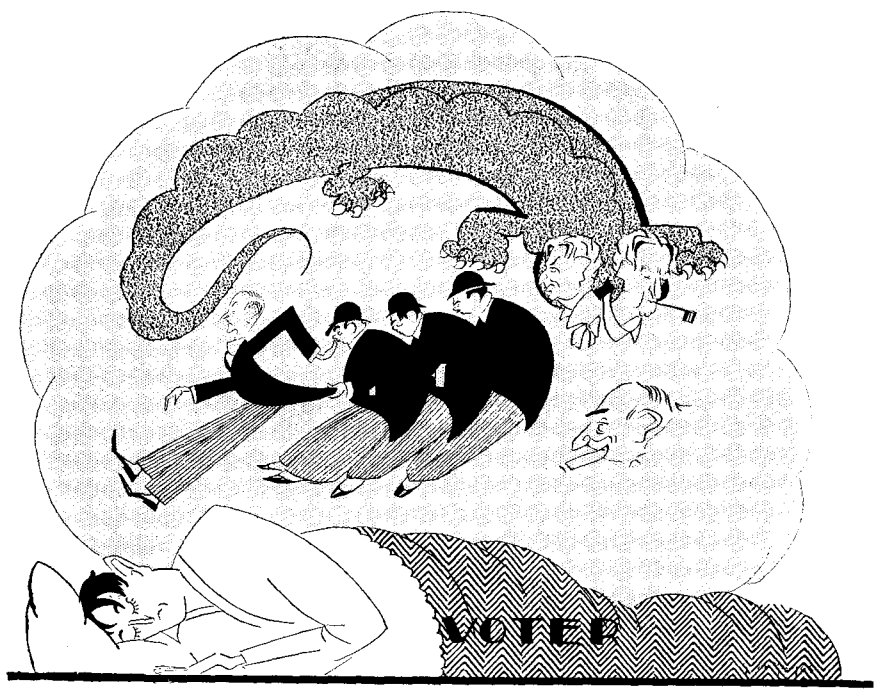

Enter, *a dark horse*

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

A NEW candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination begins to be mentioned in Washington and talked of, I understand, much more openly and frequently in New York.

It is Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, the American Ambassador to Mexico. I do not know whether it is just somebody's bright idea that Mr. Morrow's extraordinary success at his diplomatic post makes him an available candidate at whom Mr. Charles D. Hilles, the New York Republican leader (who has been clutching at straws ever since ex-Secretary Charles E. Hughes could not be tempted to run again) will grab, or whether Eastern leaders, who desperately need a candidate, are seriously considering the American ambassador's possibilities as a delegate getter.

No one else would serve so well to hold an Eastern combination of states together. Secretary Mellon *is* between the devil and the deep sea if he is forced to choose in the end between Mr. Hoover, whom he disapproves, and Mr. Dawes, whom President Coolidge dislikes. In Mr. Morrow he would have a candidate who would fit in with his own business man's point of view and who would be at least as much an Administration candidate as Mr. Hoover, perhaps even more.

Or, returning to the sad case of Mr. Hilles: Mr. Morrow is almost a New Yorker and highly agreeable to New York politicians.

As for New Jersey, Mr. Morrow is a resident of that state and might be its favorite son.

And Massachusetts, loyal to Mr. Coolidge, might prefer Mr. Coolidge's best friend to Mr. Hoover. Certainly William M. Butler, who controls the Massachusetts machine, would. And no one would have greater claims on the Administration vote than Mr. Morrow.

The Queer Fish of '28

MAKING him a candidate is so perfect a political idea that no doubt it has found lodgment in a good many minds. Of course it is fantastic, but this is a year of fantastic political developments. The passionate clinging to Mr. Coolidge was fantastic. The two-headed political monster, Lowden and Dawes, is fantastic. The nomination of a Catholic and wet by the Democrats, now clearly indicated, is fantastic. The sudden discovery of the perfect candidate by the Eastern Republican leaders would not be one half so fantastic as any of these. Nor would it be any more sudden and unexpected than the withdrawal of President Coolidge.

Against it stand a number of factors: the shortness of the time, the unwillingness of the West to take an Eastern candidate and the uncertainty as to how Mr. Morrow would regard an attempt to make him the nominee. Mr. Morrow might not think his chances good enough.

As to the shortness of the time, Mr. Hoover's supporters move so slowly and cautiously that the opposition will probably have all the time it needs. And as for the West, this may be said: Mr. Morrow, in spite of his banking career, is by long odds the most progressive Republican that has been mentioned for the 1928 nomination.

The idea of a sudden boom for Mr. Morrow is fascinating, so fascinating that I am afraid that everybody who is talking of it is yielding to its fascinations rather than soberly estimating political probabilities. But the unexpected withdrawal of Mr. Coolidge has left a situation in which anything may happen.

As for Mr. Hoover's candidacy, the one idea seems to be to hasten slowly. It would seem that strategy would call for boldness and swiftness so that his opponents would not have time to reform their lines and pick a candidate—possibly Mr. Morrow.

The situation recalls an incident in the life of the handsome, soft-spoken Walter Brown, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and head of the Toledo machine, who is supposed to be the political brains of the Hoover candidacy.

He was Republican State Chairman of Ohio in 1912 and broke with his party when Roosevelt bolted the Taft nomination.

The scene was affecting. The bolting state chairman made a speech to the assembled committeemen: "I am going to sever connections that are lifelong and that are rooted in my heart (sniff!). Principles compel me to leave the Republican party, into which I was born, and leave behind many of my dearest friends here (sniff)." And more in that vein.

Then the progressive members of the committee, applying their handkerchiefs to their noses, arose and withdrew. A placid old German member from Cincinnati watched them go unmoved and, as the door closed behind them, said calmly: "Vell, let us gedt to business."

The motto of the Hoover candidacy should be, "Vell, let us gedt to business."

The White Room

Continued from page 32

"Hello!" Burke turned. "Back already, Markham?"

"Sure thing, Chief! Your ex-sec. is lodged in a cell."

"Good enough. I figure the mayor may be on the pay roll of this corporation. Spread out and search. I don't trust a thing."

They found much to mystify but nothing to help. There was no way out—or no way out that was visible.

"Sound the walls," Burke ordered.

Soundings had commenced when Drake Roscoe came in through the shattered window.

"Hullo, Burke!" he called. "There's no entrance from outside to the top floor."

"Huh!" Burke grunted. "There's no entrance here from inside to any dam' floor."

Soundings went on tappingly.

"This was where they brewed their poisons," Roscoe went on musingly, looking around him. "Some of the gang have made a get-away, I'm afraid, but we've smashed their base, Burke. And I still have hopes of the room above."

"Here's the shaft, Chief!"

Captain Markham was the speaker.

"Crowbars," Burke growled. "Detail Pinker. He's been in the navy. That right, Pinker?"

"Right enough, sir."

"Can you swarm up fifteen feet of cable and do a useful job of housebreaking at the top?"

"Watch me," Pinker replied.

Crashings and splinterings began.

"There's one bad loss on our books," said Burke. "Madame Czerna made a fade-out with your good-looking boy friend Stopford!"

"No loss," Roscoe returned shortly. "She was the stepping-stone to everything. If the gang have failed to get her, I'm glad. We owe her all we know, nearly. She has suffered enough. I hope she's safe."

"Stand by, Pinker!" came a cry from Markham. "Here's the shaft! You can squeeze through."

"Good enough," said Pinker. "All ready. What orders, Commander?"

WHEN the Page Sutton car reached the barricade a semisolid mass of humanity blocked the path. The chauffeur teased a way through. A police officer barred further progress.

"Turn back!" he shouted. "This street is closed."

A grim, choleric face peered out at him, a square-jowled, black-mustached visage familiar to every member of the force.

"Ned Regan!" said a gruff voice. "I'm going to the Scudamore Building."

The Page Sutton car proceeded.

Only police and privileged citizens were to be seen in the street beyond. But a hundred yards further along they were held up again, by a police captain.

"Who let you through?" this officer demanded.

"I let me through!" shouted Ned Regan, glaring into the speaker's eyes with early-morning irritation. "If you don't know Ned Regan, you've got to be born again before the world wants you. Count yourself. You'll find you ain't!"

A second time they passed.

And the police captain, his strange, compelling eyes fixed upon the face of Molly O'Hay, stood stiffly to attention like a Prussian soldier. A cold smile upon his deathly pale face, he raised his hand in salute.

"Mr. Regan!"

Molly grasped Regan's shoulder.

"What's up?"

"That man we passed— He was . . . like Napoleon . . ."

Molly's friend spoke, for the first time.

"That man, wearing a police captain's uniform, was watching my father's house all last week, Mr. Regan. He's no police officer!"

"What!"

The car stopped jerkily.

"I think—" Molly was so excited as to be almost unintelligible—"he was what Commander Roscoe calls HEAD CENTER!" . . .

WHEN a way was forced into the room with the golden dome, Commander Drake Roscoe, as was fitting, entered first, but warily.

He found himself in a room square and some ten paces from wall to wall. It seemingly possessed neither doors nor windows. The floor was laid with black-and-gold oriental tiles upon which some dark, rich rugs were strewn. The walls were decorated somberly in black and gold.

There were four lamps, unlighted, in tall black tripods, and practically no furniture except a long, narrow antique table—apparently a communion table—set square center of the western wall, behind which stood a chair, or rather throne.

And in this chair a figure was seated draped in a black gown. Upon the hands were light yellow rubber gloves. These strange hands rested on the table top, the left close to the base of a standard lamp, the right upon a keyboard. There were many queer objects upon the long, narrow table, but no human being entering that room would have had eyes for them. He would have seen nothing but the shadowed face of the one who sat there, silent, motionless.

It was a dead, yellow face—the face of a mummy. The eyes appeared superhumanly long, like the eyes of an Egyptian god. The nose was shadowy, indistinct, the mouth a mere slit. The effect was indescribably terrifying until one realized that this yellow horror was a wonderful mask of the same delicate texture as the gloves.

Behind Roscoe, through the forced door of the elevator shaft, came Deputy Commissioner Burke, followed by a dozen police. Torches lighted up the singular room.

There was a moment of electric silence; then:

"Head Center!" said someone.

The figure at the table was covered by a pound of lead. Roscoe stepped forward. The figure didn't move. He laid his hand upon the black-robed shoulder.

"Go easy, boss!" came an anxious voice. "I don't trust him even now!"

Roscoe grasped the inert body, drew it forward . . . and cast it back, with a cry of anger.

"The dam' thing's a DUMMY!"

"Hullo, there!" came a deep, gruff voice. "Where's Commander Roscoe . . ."

"Up here!" cried Markham, craning down the shaft. "Who in hell's that?"

"Ned Regan! Head Center is out on the street disguised as one of you poor doughnuts!"

In the turmoil that followed Ned Regan's further remarks, mainly insulting, were lost. Women's voices might be heard below. There was evidence to show that Ned W. Regan was coming up.

Then, uncanny, inexplicable, came a sound of silvery laughter!

Regan, mounting laboriously, continued to talk. But in the black-and-gold room fell a silence of astonishment.

The laughter had apparently come from someone among the group. . . . But no woman was in the room! Then:

"Is Commander Drake Roscoe there?" demanded a vibrant feminine voice.

Roscoe started, looked around him angrily, but finally:

"Who spoke?" he asked.

Amid a deathly silence:

"Great Head Center speaking," said the arresting tones. "You have delayed my plans, Commander Roscoe, very considerably. New York is vacated temporarily, thanks to you. In fact, I must congratulate you. But one day we may meet. I hope I shall win. Great Head Center speaking."

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"Only a sore throat"

Don't ever underestimate the danger of a sore throat; if neglected, it may develop into something serious—as many know to their sorrow.

The same goes for a cold; pneumonia at this time of the year is your great enemy.

At the first sign of cold or throat irritation, use Listerine full strength as a gargle. Keep it up systematically.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria in mouth and throat, and halts many an ailment before it becomes dangerous.

During winter weather, when you are usually subjected to poor air and sharp changes in temperature, it's a good idea to use Listerine every day as a mouth wash and gargle.

This pleasant and easy precaution may spare you a trying and painful siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Never neglect a sore throat

THE NEXT TIME
The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.
More than 50 diseases
have their beginning or development in the THROAT. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine. If no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

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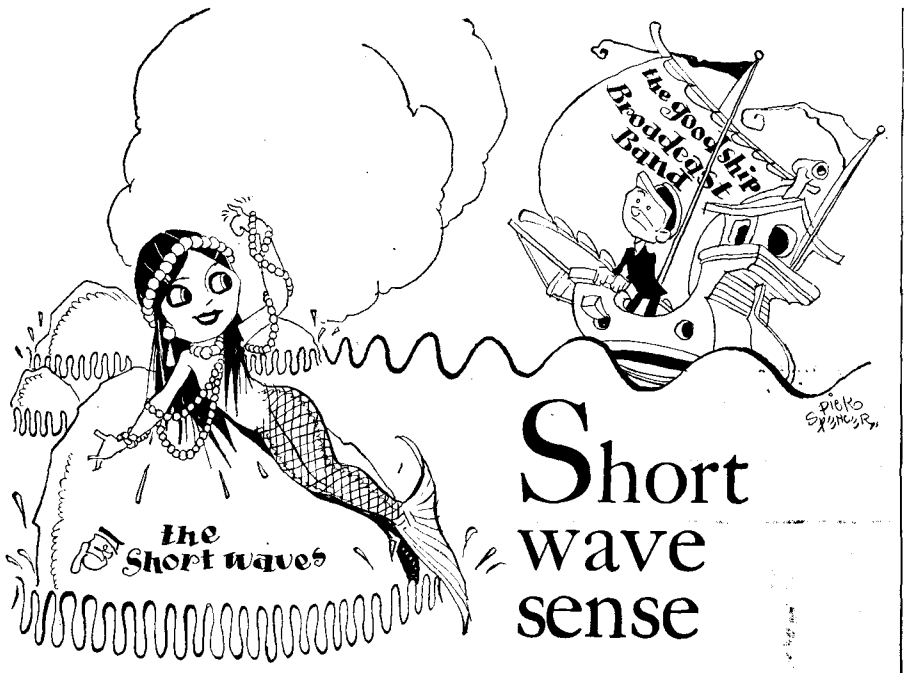

Short wave sense

BY JACK BINNS

JUDGING from the rhapsodies they sing one would imagine the proponents of ultra short waves in Radio had discovered the miraculous touchstone which man has sought through the ages—the possession of which would give its owner Something for Nothing. We hear them boast of the tremendous distances they communicate with little or no power to speak of. Most of them are thoroughly convinced that the long waves and those in the broadcast band will soon be relegated to the Limbo of Forgotten Things.

If you are owner of a nice broadcast radio receiver and you read some of the highly optimistic articles on short waves, don't worry. Just go on enjoying things as they are. A whole load of work has got to be done before any reliable results can be obtained from the shorter wave transmissions. When sound engineering has finally conquered the short waves you will find that in order to get something out of them we will have to put something in, and it won't be any less proportionately than the other waves require.

Some of the main drawbacks to using short waves for everyday purposes on regular schedules are: acute fading, uneven coverage of intervening territory, inability to construct foolproof simply operated radio receivers.

Intellectual Mascara

A STURDY Briton writing to the department of his government which controls broadcasting declared: "Oppras is alright for eyebrows."

Apparently they still prefer brass-rail ballads over there.

What Did He Tell Her?

A SCIENTIST has discovered that insects signal to each other by vibrating the antennæ that adorn their heads. Male and female moths have been observed communicating over distances of several hundred feet.

These must be the original Radio Bugs.

A Cruel Suggestion

A READER suggests that broadcast stations be equipped with machines capable of recording telepathic communications from broadcast listeners.

I am inclined to believe this would be unconstitutional on the ground of cruel and inhuman punishment.

Magic Music

BY THE aid of those intriguing hand movements which magicians delight in using as part of their mystifying stock-in-trade, Professor Leo Theremin, a Russian engineer, has succeeded in cajoling sweet music out of an oscillating radio receiver, without actually touching the apparatus. The secret of his success lies in the electric capacity of his body to ground. The effect of producing varying musical tones is obtained by swinging his hands closer to or further away from the set so that the capacity is increased or decreased.

The oscillating radio circuit and the phenomenon of heterodyning offer those with an inventive turn of mind a wonderful opportunity of producing the most perfect musical instrument that can be conceived. An efficient and properly designed electric circuit with an oscillating vacuum tube will produce the most perfect tone known to science.

What we need is a practical method of controlling these tones so that entire compositions, with all of their various harmonies, harmonics, chords, discords and complicated passages, can be played at will.

A Burning Vision

IT MAY be stated specifically that Television will never be perfect until science succeeds in producing cold light. At the transmitting end Television requires an intensity of light far greater than anything else.

To get this intensity over a large surface is almost impossible, and to concentrate it over a restricted area results in terrific heat that is almost unbearable to the person sitting before the Televisor.

Jungle Rescue

Continued from page 10

were awakened in the morning by the trumpeting of elephants.

It was a glorious adventure. We then made camp on the edge of the bush near a picturesque Kikuyu village we knew and while we waited for our horses and porters to come up from the base camp we developed the negatives which had been exposed in the forest. So many of them were failures—owing to the forest gloom—that Mr. Akeley decided to return to the lower reaches to try again.

The rainy season had begun and save for a few hours of sunlight during the middle of the day we were buried in the clouds—but we had planned a forest setting for the elephant group which we were after for the museum, and we were keen to have that setting represent a bit of Kenya's lovely forest.

A Life Means Nothing

WHILE the photographing party was away, I was very busy, and the time passed quickly, for I had a caravan of seventy idle black men with varying dispositions to manage, and I held a daily clinic for the local natives (summoned by drum beat), who adore the white man's medicine, especially when it has a vile taste.

Just before sundown on the afternoon of the third day the two local guides who had accompanied the photographing party into the forest arrived in my camp. Then, followed by every one in camp, they approached my tent. Bill, my tent boy, acting as interpreter, stepped forward, and as calmly as if he were telling me that the men had brought in some new species of bird or monkey said, "Tembo piga Bwana" (Elephant has struck master).

In that land of violence and quick tragedy a life means nothing.

After the first shock of the awful news my plan of rescue was quickly formed. First I tried by patient questioning of the guides to find out just what had happened in the forest. Bill, again interpreted:

"Guides say elephant stop behind bush. He ketch master. Guides 'fraid. They run 'way. They come here."

This meager bit of information was all they could give me. I wrote a letter to the nearest white official who was a day's march away, telling him what had happened and that I was going into the forest at once, and asking him to send a doctor to us as quickly as possible. Then I called two native runners and offered them a big reward if they would travel all night and deliver my message by daybreak. I realized that there was only one chance in a hundred that the men would do my bidding, for the natives never go abroad after dark if they can possibly help it, on account of the cold and the wild beasts.

Then I chose twenty of the strongest of the porters to accompany me. I did not ask if they would go—I calmly chose those who were to go.

While the cook was preparing food for the journey I got together the medicine, bandages and clothing. When these, with tents and other equipment, were packed into light loads and placed under the fly of my tent I sent the porters to bed, saying that I would call them when I was ready.

Then I made a crude sort of stretcher with many lengths of cotton sheeting. It was not a very comfortable conveyance for an injured man, but the jungle offered no choice.

While I knelt in the bitter cold on the floor of my tent and worked by the feeble light of a smoky lantern, the tall camp guard stood at the entrance, shivering in the icy wind. Every now and then, when the prowling hyenas came too close, he would go out to the camp fire and try to coax the wet wood into a blaze.

It was nearly midnight when the stretcher was finished and I sent the guard to arouse my porters.

It was necessary to call the men twice. They approached the fire, sullen and grumbling. The first arrivals squatted on their heels and, humping their shoulders under their cotton garments, huddled close together over the blaze while the tardy ones stood behind them and received the full force of the biting wind.

Coming, as many of our porters had, from the low, hot coast country, they were far more susceptible to the cold of the high altitude than the local savages, who for protection covered their bodies with a coating of castor oil and red clay. I was anxious to get started before any of them collapsed.

When I went into my tent to get my gun, Bill followed me and after a little hesitation began pleading with me not to start until daylight. Lowering his voice, he told me that the porters were in a very ugly mood and did not want to go. He said they were afraid of "engai," the spirit of the mountain, and of the elephants, and that the guides could not find their way through the dense jungles in the dark.

I tried very patiently to explain that the life of his master might depend on the time we reached him.

Bill whispered that the men were going to kill me if I forced them to enter the forest at night, and to hide the evidence of their crime from the officials they were going to leave my body to be eaten by the hyenas, which are the sextons in that part of the country.

Thinking that the boy was afraid and trying to intimidate me, I told him he might remain in camp and look after J. T. Jr., the monkey. Then he told me the whole truth. While the porters were discussing the journey, and plans for my death, the two guides, the only ones who knew where the camp in the forest was, had become terrified and run away.

I was frightened, but realized that my only chance was to go from shamba to shamba and search each hut immediately. Bill volunteered to go too, but added by way of warning, "Pagazi [porters] very, very bad."

Picking up my gun, I walked with a pounding heart out to the camp fire. Steadying my voice, and putting as much authority as possible into it, I announced that everything was ready and it was time to be off. Not one of the men moved or spoke, but I read my answer in their black, scowling looks.

In sheer desperation I began to laugh at the men. I called them women, for whom they had little respect. I imitated their sullen looks and huddled up bodies. I called them children and imitated a child crying for its mother. I kept on with the foolish performance until finally I saw their faces relax. Then someone laughed, it became contagious, and before they had time to recall their grievance I shouted, "Tayari" (Ready), and, putting my hand on the shoulder of the big Swahili who was the leader, I pushed him gently ahead of me toward the loads.

Nobody will ever know what it cost me to go through with that performance.

I Dared Not Be Afraid

BILL was a Kikuyu, and familiar with the locality, so he carried the lantern and led the way. I brought up the rear to guard against desertion.

Finding the guides was ticklish work, and that some of us were not hurt while inspecting the huts was a miracle, for the natives thought we were a neighboring tribe coming to raid them.

After visiting a number of villages and terrifying the inhabitants we came to an isolated hut where we found the wife of one of the runaway guides. When I threatened to take her with me she led us to a tunnel in the wall of bush behind her hut. Getting down on our hands and knees, Bill, the askar and I crawled to the other end of it, and there we found a tiny hut and in it our two guides fast asleep. We tied the pro-

(*Continued on page 38*)

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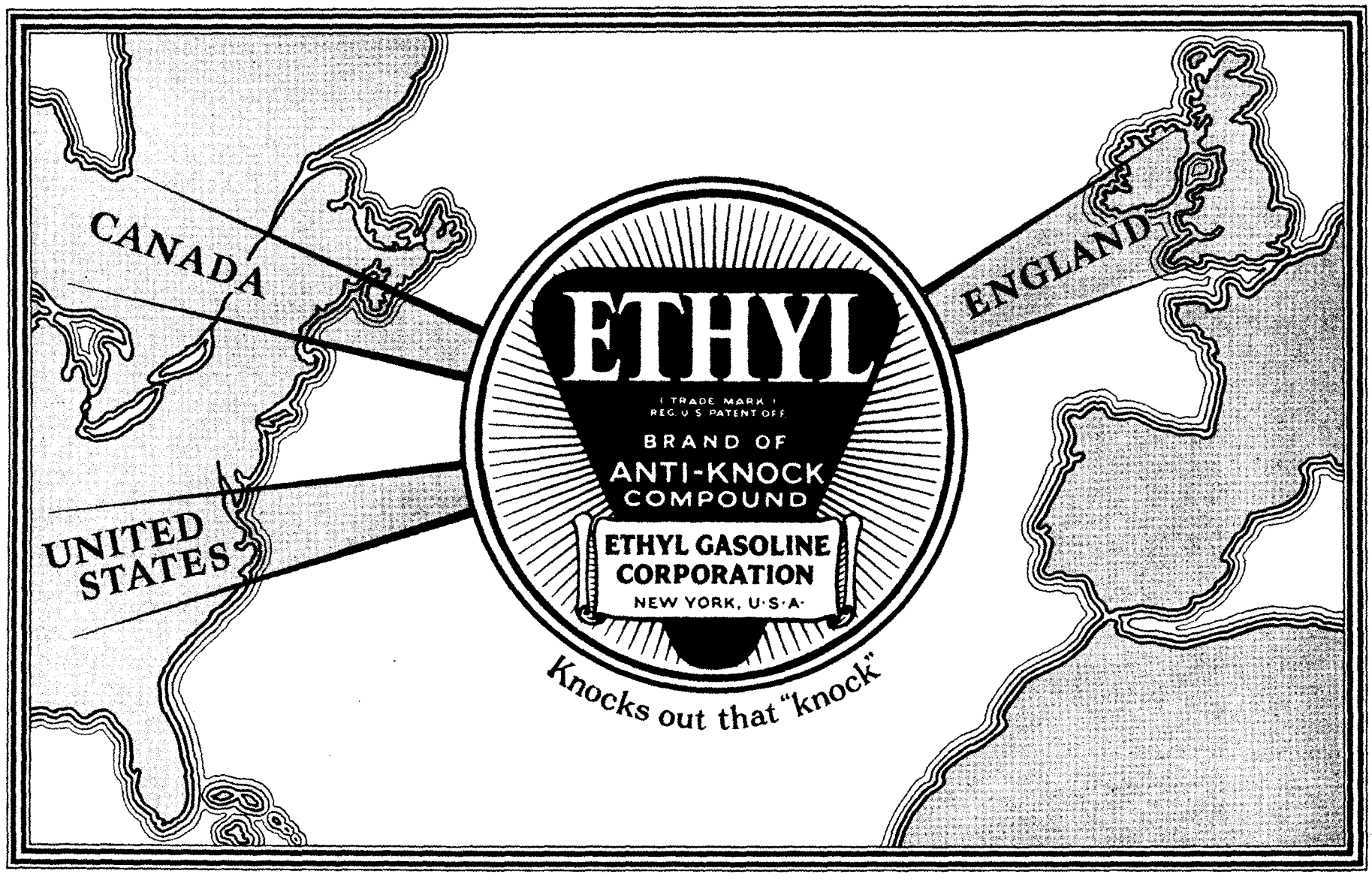

Ethyl goes to England

CONSERVATIVE fellow, old John Bull. Doesn't accept a new improvement until he is sure it *is* an improvement.

That's why the introduction of Ethyl Gasoline into England has an especial significance. Ethyl is now available to the British motoring public through the service of one of the oldest and largest British oil companies.

And the reasons why Ethyl has gone abroad are the reasons why more than 1,000,000 American and Canadian car owners are riding with Ethyl.

It is *the* standard "anti-knock" fuel by which all other motor fuels are measured. It makes carbon deposits an asset. It delivers more power from each gallon of fuel—more power on hills and heavy roads . . quicker pick-up in traffic . . reduced gear-shifting . . . generally increased engine performance.

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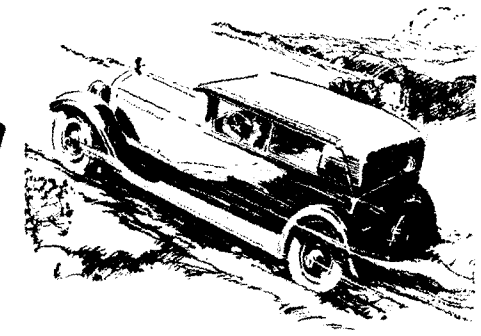

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McGoofey's First Reader

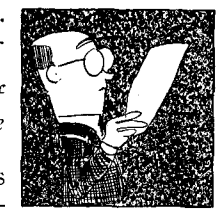
By H. I. PHILLIPS

Illustrated by the author

THIS is a flat tire.

What is his name? *Rodney.*

What is Rodney's mission in life? *Rodney is an exponent of Vigorous Living. He boasts of cold baths the year around, talks about long treks through the glorious North Country and praises skiing, ice boating, hockey and tobogganing as the greatest of all outdoor sports.*



Lesson 2. Who is this? *This is a magazine editor.*

What is the magazine editor doing? *The magazine editor is reading a poem by Rodney.*

What is the name of the poem? *The Lure of Labrador. The meter is that of Rodney's favorite masterpiece Snowbound.*

Is the editor moved by Rodney's poem? *Quite. He will write an introduction saying that what smites you in Rodney's poems is "the unmistakable touch of sincerity."*

Lesson 3. What is Rodney doing in this picture? *Rodney is addressing a group of Boy Scouts. His subject is "Battling the Elements."*

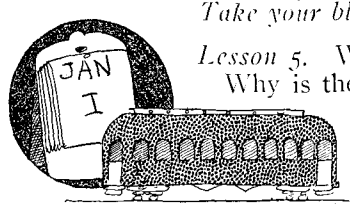
He is telling them that nothing builds health and character like zestful outdoor sports, "particularly those in the bracing climate of our great North in winter."

Shortly he will tell them how to build a snow house in the true Eskimo fashion and draw on the blackboard his design for an iceboat the cost of which should not exceed $45.

Lesson 4. Who is this? *This is a little boy named John.*

What has happened to John? *He has been hit in the eye by a snowball.*

Whose foot is that just coming into view? *That is Rodney's foot. Rodney has observed the incident and will pat the boy on the head and urge him to be more of a man. He will say, "Nothing tests the character of a boy like his behavior in a snow fight, my little man. Crying because that other lad hit you with a big snowball? Why I'm ashamed of you! All life is a series of snow battles, my little man. Take your blows and fight back, sir!"*



Lesson 5. What is this? *This is a calendar.*

Why is the calendar open to the date January 1st? *See next chapter.*

Lesson 6. What is this? *This is the Pullman car Yagawami, which is Indian for Balmy Days.*

Where is it going? *It is going to Florida.*

Who is on it? *You should have guessed. But, since you haven't, Rodney is on it.*

Is Rodney going to Florida? *Rodney goes to Florida every year.*

When? *Oh, as soon as it gets a little snappy; by January 1st at the latest.*

When will Rodney return? *Not until he gets word that all the snow has disappeared and the daffydills are up.*

Jungle Rescue

Continued from page 36

testing men together with a rope which I was carrying for the stretcher.

Then when we were ready to start I learned to my dismay that some of the porters had remained in the last garden we had visited. I went after them. When about halfway a hand suddenly grabbed my coat.

Panic-stricken, I clubbed my assailant with my gun and ran back to the waiting men.

I dared not tell them what had happened or let them know that I was afraid, for I did not know who my assailant was.

Finally the thought of being too late again came to my rescue. I began shouting to the renegades, first a threat that I would report them to the white officials, whose punishment they knew would be severe indeed for deserting a white woman, and then praise of the men who had remained steadfast. In this way I won them over again.

By the time we formed into line and were ready to start again it was two o'clock in the morning and as black as an African night can be. There was rain and occasional showers of hail, and we had no light but a smoky lantern.

Hours of Struggle

AFTER we left the gardens behind and entered the dense bush our progress became very slow and painful. The mountain grades were steep and slippery. The bare feet of the men made the narrow path a trench of oozy mud, exposing roots and stones that had a fiendish way of catching the toe of my heavy boot or sliding to one side at the wrong moment.

The tough, ropelike lianas and thorny creepers were like cold, clammy hands, and caught us round the head and body, slapped against our faces and tore our flesh. We had to cross mountain torrents where the rushing volume of icy water nearly swept us off our feet. There were swampy patches too, where the elephants in passing had left holes three and four feet deep in the soft, muddy ground.

The barefooted men crossed safely, but my hobnailed boots were a disadvantage. Three times what I thought was solid ground gave way, and I slid to the bottom of a hole with mud and water up to my waist.

We struggled on hour after hour over logs and bowlders, stumbling, falling and rising again, with the rain falling like shot on the leaves, and strange animal sounds coming from all directions.

The greatest danger was the chance of meeting wild beasts on the narrow trail. Escape would be impossible.

There were other dangers too. There were the deep pits which Wandorobo hunters dig in the trails to trap elephants, and also poisoned spears which they hang from the limbs of trees to kill the animals. Had we released one of these by touching a vine, cleverly stretched across the trail, it would have meant certain death for the one beneath it, for the poison is so potent that it will kill even an elephant.

Yet only twice did the men hesitate or attempt to bolt. The first time was when a heavy-bodied animal went crashing away through the jungle, causing a panic. The most frightening time came just before daylight, and when we were well up in the big forest, where the giant trees with buttressed bases twenty feet across rise up 200 feet or more. We were sloshing and slipping and sliding along through the mud, with nerves keyed to the breaking point, when suddenly, just ahead of us, the trumpeting squeal of an elephant rang out, and was followed by the ripping, slashing and crashing of a tree.

Loads were dropped, and in the dark pandemonium that reigned I heard the frenzied and frightened men tearing down the trail. To save my life I could not have moved from the spot. When I did not move the men stopped crowding and we stood wedged together like frightened sheep.

So quiet were we that a hyena came trotting down the trail, and did not discover our presence until he was almost in our midst, then with a horrible shriek and a cackling laugh he turned and fled —I hope as badly frightened as we were.

Caution as well as fear kept us huddled together breathless on the narrow trail, until the crashing and trumpeting drifted away and finally became silent. Even then I was reluctant to move for fear some of the elephants might have left the herd and strayed in our direction.

Drawn together by our common danger in the black inferno, all fear of the men left me. Suddenly the gruff bark of a Colobus monkey echoed through the forest, and immediately answering barks came from all directions, and then from the throats of hundreds of monkeys there rose on the air and rolled through the forest the wildest and weirdest sounds I have ever heard.

The monkeys were singing in unison like a trained choir to herald the day. The forest became filled with the cries and calls of birds and monkeys.

Dawn and these welcome sounds released our tongues; we all talked at once and we traveled on.

About eight o'clock we came to a circular clearing. Here, to my horror, the guides admitted that they were lost, and stubbornly refused to go on.

Almost frantic, I got down on my hands and knees and circled the clearing, spreading the vines apart and inspecting every inch of ground in the hope of finding the imprint of hobnailed boots on the soft earth, but the rain had washed away all trace. Beaten and almost exhausted after the terrible ordeal of the night, I sat on the wet ground, and the tears which I had been fighting so long blinded my burning eyes, and the bitterness of failure entered my heart.

Suddenly in the midst of my grief I recalled my gun, which was resting across my lap, and jumping to my feet I startled my followers by firing three shots in rapid succession. Then we stood still and listened. In a moment there came, like a voice from heaven, an answering shot, and, followed by faithful Bill, I dashed off, guided by the sound of the gun, which was fired at intervals by Mr. Akeley's gun bearer. In about half an hour we came to the desolate camp under the dripping trees on the edge of the bamboo forest where the mauling took place.

On the muddy ground, sheltered only by a porter's tiny tent, I found him. He was a shocking sight, with his head cut and swollen almost beyond recognition and covered, as he was, from his head to his feet with caked mud and blood, just as the elephant had left him. But he was alive—and we were in time!

One Life Saved

THE guides had told their story right: the elephant had stopped behind a bush, caught their master, and pinned him to the earth between its tusks. By a miracle the tusks must have met some resistance in the ground, the roots of a tree or a stone, which prevented the mountain of bone and muscle behind them from actually crushing Mr. Akeley to death.

There was every indication that after leaving Mr. Akeley, unconscious and to all appearances dead, the elephant had searched, in vain, for his gun bearer and the porters, who naturally had run away.

While I cut the soiled and ragged clothing from the bruised and swollen body and was busy with antiseptics and adhesive tape, the men cleared the jungle and set up our tent.

Besides the wounds on his head and face, some of his ribs were cracked and broken, and his legs, from his hips down, seemed paralyzed. That he was

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not killed outright, or maimed for life, was truly a miracle. For many men have been mauled by elephants, but few have lived to tell of their experience.

The fact that Mr. Akeley's wounds were cared for so promptly prevented infection and without doubt saved his life. And a bottle of cocktail, which he drank upon regaining consciousness, prevented pneumonia and perhaps other complications. The great majority of sportsmen who have died in Africa after being mauled by animals have died of blood poisoning, because their wounds were neglected, or because help arrived too late.

I set the porters to work at once broadening the trail and moving obstructions so they could carry Mr. Akeley out of the forest. Thoughtful Bill, of his own initiative, sent an urgent appeal to the nearest Kikuyu chief for help, and in a few hours a motley crowd of men, women and children were laboring like ants clearing the trail.

The First White Child

THE following day Dr. Phillips, a young Scotch medical missionary of the Tuma-Tuma mission, arrived. My messengers had kept their promise.

He redressed Mr. Akeley's wounds, and then we put the invalid in the comfortable stretcher-cot which the doctor had brought for the purpose. It was a great relief to have his help and advice, even though he could not tell me at the time the full extent of Mr. Akeley's internal injuries.

The comfort of his presence on the downward journey, however, was denied us, for his services were required at the Nyeri boma, where he ushered into the world the first white child born in the Nyeri district.

The journey out of the forest, over the steep and treacherous trails, occupied three days. I shudder to think, even now, of that awful time and the narrow escapes the stretcher bearers had from falling over the precipices and being swept away when crossing the swollen streams with their helpless burden. But they worked willingly and heroically, and it was a ragged, mud-spattered and weary procession that the awed villagers watched, straggling into our base camp.

After the invalid was made comfortable, and our jungle home put in order, I had a bath and put on dry clothing for the first time in a week. The terrible strain on nerves and body was over, for I felt sure that Mr. Akeley would live. So I went to bed for the first time in a week, and, taking advantage of a woman's privilege, I indulged in the luxury of a real cry.

In all fairness to the porters who planned to take my life, and in defense of the men who ran away when the elephant charged their master, I can only say that their natural fear in entering one of the densest and most dangerous forests in Central Africa at night, which many white men fear to enter even in the daytime, and facing a charging elephant unarmed, was more than offset by their splendid behavior in bringing Mr. Akeley out of the forest and their final courage in braving both beasts and "evil spirits" in the jungle night. Even my two runners earned their extra pay and my undying faith in the black men of Africa by reaching the doctor and bringing him to us in record time the next day.

Bill, whom I shall always love, remained with us as Mr. Akeley's body guard on all our hunting excursions when we went back to Uganda, even joining in the tracking of elephants.

I purposely avoided seeing him on my last expedition to Africa. Much as I needed him—for I was traveling alone without white companions—I did not want to risk the change which age and contact with white men inevitably bring to his kind. I wanted all my pleasant memories and illusions of him to remain with me to the very end.

My Friend the Champ

Continued from page 24

photographs. Into neat envelopes brisk clerical fingers packed cards thanking the champion's congratulators in the champion's personally concocted phrase.

"The 'I-knew-him-wheners,'" Bill laughed, "are first cousins to the anvil chorus. Gene's a placid chap generally, but if he thinks he's slighting real friends of the old days by not going somewhere or doing something they ask, he worries. Bad luck, he believes, waits around the corner for every ingrate. And he's not superstitious.

"The only emblems of good luck Tunney carries with him are his health and his looks and his ambition to be a respected if not a popular champion.

"They say he's not popular. But he drew the record-breaking crowd of all time as challenger and champion. When Dempsey fought Willard in Toledo there were acres of empty seats. Tunney packs them in to the limit—and you'll find them slightly different folks, I think, from the old-time, rough-cussing fight crowds.

"There's no contract between us. I help Gene with advice whenever he calls on me, and at times when he wants my company at home or on a trip I hope he enjoys it as much as I enjoy his.

"Gene is a clean, shrewd fellow. Give me twenty-four hours with any man—at lunch and dinner, rambling or driving in the evening and sharing the same room with him. If his character doesn't assay the necessary quantity of gold to make him good, something will betray him. It may be a word, it may be a gesture, but over twenty-four hours in a close-up and you get to know all you need to know.

"I've lived weeks and months on end with Tunney. Champion or no champion, he's as sane and fine a character as God ever made.

"There isn't a fear in his head or a nerve in his body. On the night before he fought Dempsey in Chicago there was a terrible rumpus at the boathouse beyond our lake-shore camp. An engine was running at top speed, and men were shouting. The racket woke everybody in the place.

"I got up, saw it was two o'clock and hurried out to stop the din. We chased the fellows with the boat and got back to bed, scared lest the row might have awakened Tunney when, if at any time, he needed a good night's rest. He slept through it all like a baby.

"The only times I know him to show concern or wakefulness are when he's met a bunch of youngsters and promised them pictures or toys. He's always afraid of forgetting some of these little promises.

No Favors for Him

"THAT'S no play to the gallery. You'll wait all your lifetime to see Gene Tunney photographed kissing babies, but some of his happiest hours I've seen him spend romping with youngsters at his training quarters or houses where he's a guest—provided no picture men are about.

"On the vaudeville tour we made together over the Pantages' circuit San Francisco local enthusiasts staged a reception for him as a fighting marine, with flags decking the stage and machine guns thrown in for ornament. Gene wouldn't go on.

"'The flags, of course, are all right,' he said. 'But I never handled a machine gun in the war. Perhaps some of the boys in the gallery did. I don't want atmosphere I'm not entitled to.'

"The same way when veterans of Cook County, Ill., wrote him before he left to finish his training near Chicago for the last fight. They offered to meet him by thousands in a semimilitary demonstration. Gene wrote them, thanking them for the offer, but saying that

(*Continued on page 40*)

Dermutation does it!

It's *dermutation* that gives to a man's face a brisk, alert freshness that's immediately noticeable. *Dermutation*, that exclusive process in Mennen Shaving Cream, which softens the beard, relaxes the tiny skin peaks at the base of each hair, levels the skin so that the razor glides smoothly and easily without nicking, scraping or cutting off those minute mounds. No rawness. No soreness. No after-shave smart. No need for rubbing with your fingers. No "free" caustic to burn, either. Mennen Shaving Cream lathers freely even in cold, hard water. Five soothing tonic emollients tone up and soothe the skin—a 24-hour comfort-shave.

Made Both With and Without Menthol

Many relish the cool bracing tingle of a dash of menthol in the lather. Mennen menthol-ized is in the tube with the red ball.

After the shave—Mennen Skin Balm is a face lotion with a brisk kick and zip. Great for chapped, roughened skin. Non-greasy and quick drying. Comes in a handy tube.

Mennen Talcum for Men takes off face shine. Neutral tint—no chalky pallor. Also made in stick form.

"Enjoy every day the complete Mennen Shave."

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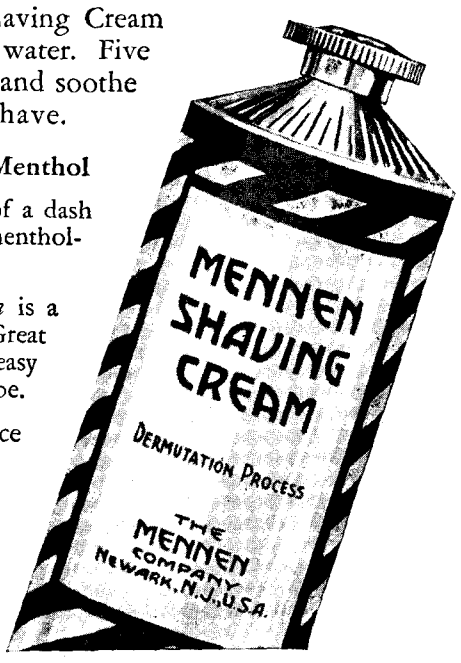

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Who Else Wants to Save Gasoline?

A SOUTH DAKOTA man has discovered an amazing gas-saving invention now installed on over two million cars of every make. Already over ten thousand car owners say it increases gas mileage 25% to 50% . . . cleans out carbon without touching the engine . . . adds more speed and power . . . and saves an astonishing amount of money in gasoline and repair expense. There is a model for every car, truck, tractor or gasoline engine. Anybody can install it in a few minutes.

This invention is based on newly-discovered facts about potential gasoline power that few car owners know about. For example, it is now found that the average man wastes at least 20% to 30% of his gasoline through improper combustion. And many more interesting discoveries, too detailed to mention here.

Read on the left what other car owners say about it. Then accept the inventor's special introductory offer. He will send you samples to test without obligation to buy. If you find it doesn't do for you what it has done for other car owners, he will pay a cash forfeit for the few minutes you've spent in testing it.

Don't send a penny now. Simply send your name in coupon below. J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., B-1490 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

BATTLING NELSON, The Durable Dane. Bat made 40 miles on a gallon with a roadster and 33½ miles a gallon with a touring car.

Bat writes: "Most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life. And when I say your vaporizer is all you say it is, I mean it."

Virgil Barnes, N. Y. Giant Pitcher, says: "Words cannot express my delight with the Stransky Vaporizer. I left New York City after the close of the baseball season with a vaporizer on my Chrysler 60. When I arrived in Holton, Kansas, I found I had averaged within a fraction of 47 miles per gallon of gas."

H. H. Cummings has saved 1,905 gallons of gasoline on 50,000 miles. "I have used one on my 1922 Ford which I have driven over 50,000 miles," he says. "I am getting 30 miles a gallon where before I got only 12 to 14 miles a gallon."

MEN WANTED

Herrick made $157 in a day, letting Stransky vaporizers sell themselves. Territories open everywhere. Full or spare time. Check coupon below.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.,
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Yes, send me full description of this new way to save gasoline. This request does not obligate me in any way.

My Name is.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

[ ] Check here if you want agent's proposition.

My Friend the Champ

Continued from page 39

in deference to Dempsey he didn't want any special favors shown himself.

"Those press-agent fellows rubbed their pompadours ragged over Gene, but he wouldn't stand for any fake stories.

" 'If I'm not picturesque,' he told one chap, 'that's my bad luck. I don't want to wear spurious laurels.'

"Now, that sounds like high-hat talk, coming from a pugilist. It's just that kind of plain statement that gives Gene the name of being a six-syllable guy. Maybe the world's so used to slang that the man who uses plain language runs the risk of being misunderstood. Tunney talks English, as correct as he knows how. He doesn't use big words, I know, because I never fail to get his meaning.

He Lost His Temper Once

"SURE, he likes books. There's an old gentleman about eighty years of age, who lives at the Yale Club in New York. He gives Tunney tips on reading, and he's got Gene deeply interested in Shakespeare.

"As far as I know, there's no law forbidding a professional boxer the pleasure of reading.

"The boy isn't perfect. What man is? But because he's simple in his tastes there's an impression he puts on airs. He likes to be quiet, in conversation, in surroundings, in dress. Gene dressed just as neatly, if not as richly, when he made $500 a bout as now, when he makes a million for a fight.

"An admirer sent him a box of cravats. They were violent raiment, the kind you need dimmers with in traffic. Gene said he couldn't wear them. I told him that the donor was going to call on him and would be pleased if Gene had one on at the time of the visit.

" 'All right,' said Gene. 'I'll use it indoors.'

"He has a real dislike for unnecessary prominence. I turn down, in his name, scores of invitations every day to be the guest of fraternities and clubs. One of the few places he consented to go was Sing Sing, where men are treated like human beings now. Gene boxed with Bartley Madden for the convicts. At the finish of the entertainment a lifer shouted:

" 'Come back, soon, Gene!'

" 'Was I as bad as all that?' said Gene to me.

"They say the heavyweight champion lacks color. What does that mean? What do they expect him to do? Strut around in a big sweater with a pack of gunmen and get into scrapes with women? Or use bum grammar and write patent-medicine testimonials? He wore the right color during the war, didn't he? He doesn't drink, he doesn't gamble, he doesn't smoke. He eats three square meals a day, none in public; he breaks ninety at golf, he swims like a porpoise and dances like a man who likes it; he doesn't tell or relish smutty stories; I've yet to hear him swear, and he hates all liars. All things considered, he can afford to do without color.

"True, Tunney qualifies in the color battalion of sport heroes by figuring in law suits. Heavens, when a heavyweight champion gets his pay check these days the guy he knocks out to get it is liable to sue him for assault.

"Tunney doesn't throw his money away, but he's generous. In a restaurant one day with me the bill was fifty cents too much. Tunney called the waiter and insisted on a correction, and a small standing army of stuffed shirts shinned over this move. Those same waiting lads failed to see Tunney pass a fifty-dollar note to a battered old-timer who'd sidled up to him to make a touch. Tunney intended nobody should see it.

"I said he hates liars. The only time I ever saw him really lose his temper was when a fellow tried to give him an earful about a celebrated rival. A hard look came into Tunney's blue eyes—the kind of look a man of Mayo stock will show when his Irish is rising.

" 'You can't say that,' said Gene, 'because it isn't true. And if it was true why bother to say it?'

"That's Tunney talk. Count the syllables in it.

"Sort of normal, he is. Sings in his cold tub in the morning and hums in his tepid tub at night, and never permits the door of any room he occupies to be locked.

"He likes privacy, but anybody who wants to see him usually can. His leisure time is spent with friends like Bernard Gimbel or going to serious plays. Gene isn't a great hand for pictures. And when I say leisure, let me explain he hasn't got much of it.

"A heavyweight champion nowadays is a business man. Gene manages his own finances. He gets up at eight, bathes and shaves, then breakfasts on fruit, eggs and coffee and toast. The mail comes in, a bushel or so at a time. He opens it, dictates to his secretary until lunch time, then receives callers, plays golf and naps.

"He's a great fellow for sleep. Ten minutes before he went into the ring for his first title fight with Dempsey he was sleeping on a rubbing table. And out at Chicago, when his hands had been taped, he borrowed somebody's coat, packed it into a pillow, and was dead to the world when we aroused him to go into the ring. I've even seen him doze off in a Pullman drawing-room with three or four men talking.

"One of my jobs is to keep him pestproof.

"Inventors try to interest him in a million things. One comes along with an idea for reversible wall paper; another has a trick umbrella that can be used as a seat in the subway rush, and somebody else wants Gene to make a fortune out of a rubber wrist watch that won't break when you drop it.

"I ease them out, but Gene's always alert to treat them kindly.

"We have signals between us for the bores. When they've worn out the chair enough I give Gene the eye and talk about appointments. If he wants them out, he looks at my watch pocket: if he wants them to stay, he studies the scenery. But when he means 'out' believe me, it's 'out.'

"Begging letters, of course, come in by the thousand. That's no way to get money out of Tunney. He has charities, but they're not mail-order. More than one of his boyhood pals, who played and scrapped with him in old Greenwich Village, is in business on Tunney money.

"No, women admirers don't trouble him. He's got as quick an eye for a handsome girl as any healthy man his age, and he can spot designing ladies a mile away. Will he marry? Of course. But he'll take his time.

He'll Be Champion Till He Quits

"HE LOVES home life. He has his mother and three sisters, one a Sister of Charity over in New Jersey, and an able-bodied brother, but he keeps all that his private affair. He doesn't take his family into the ring with him, so what have their whereabouts or whatabouts to do with the public?

"A quiet, retiring fellow, I tell you. At the really big moment of his life, when Tex Rickard had signed Dempsey to meet him and wanted to get Tunney, where did he find Gene? Waiting for spotlight and cameras? No. The match was completed in a little flat at Fourteenth Street and Eighth Avenue.

"Maybe the days when ring champions paraded in box coats with retinues of thick-eared followers were good old days. I don't think so. Tunney has brought restraint to the game by avoiding hero worship. Back slapping wastes energy, and any slapping Gene does is under Queensberry rules.

"A few cheers more or less mean nothing in his life. He'll be champion until he quits or takes the count—and that's a long, long way off. Then he'll settle down to business life and marry. And the girl will be what I'd call lucky."

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CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

Flapper Clothes

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
DIRECTOR SCIENCE SERVICE

ONE of the questions that scientists never seem to settle to their satisfaction is why we wear clothes. Why do folks put on more clothes than they need and leave them off so disconcertingly when the style changes?

There have been current four theories of the cause of clothing:

First, the modesty theory, as advanced in Genesis; second, the immodesty theory, that concealment makes the body more alluring; third, the adornment theory, that clothing was primarily a means of display; fourth, the protection theory, that clothing was adopted as a covering against cold and other external injuries.

One objection to all four theories has been hitherto that the apparel of many savages is not sufficient to serve for concealment, ornament or cover, for it often consists of a bunch of leaves, a bead net, a grass girdle, dangling tails of skins, hanging strings and the like. But Dr. Knight Dunlap, professor of psychology at Johns Hopkins University, has brought out, in the Journal of General Psychology, what I may call "the flapper theory of clothing." He shows that such loose, rustling, flapping things do in fact afford the kind of protection most needed in a tropical forest, for they act as fly nets while they do not overheat the skin or shut out the air.

Both in savage and civilized society jewelry and clothes serve the purpose of distinguishing wealth and status. But, as Professor Dunlap says:

"The inventions of aniline dyes, synthetic gems and later artificial silk, have been the most powerful causes of the shortening and general improvement in women's clothes. Furs remain the only sartorial indications of wealth and social status which cannot be cheaply produced or imitated. Hence the persistence, among women and effeminate men, in the skins of dead animals."

But even these insignia will soon be obliterated, for I have seen "furs" made from wood pulp that imitate closely any animal and are more comfortable for summer wear than skins.

The "flapper" movement in this modern form has in fact gone so far in the substitution of sheer stockings for multiple petticoats as again to open the way to inroads of mosquitoes. But that isn't all. Says Professor Dunlap:

"I have no doubt that within a few years women will expose the entire body in public, with negligible effect on modesty and morals, unless for the better, for there is no denying that although neither clothing nor nudity has any intrinsic value for modesty, clothing has the greater potentiality for immodesty, since it has the power of suggesting what is concealed."

Beef at $5,000 a Pound!

THE price of beef in certain cases runs as high as $5,000 a pound. If the packer paid $7 per 100 pounds for the steers on the hoof, that means that a profit of some 70,000 per cent was made somewhere! But 25,000 cattle are required to make a pound of the product. That is, it takes more than 25,000,000 pounds of livestock. If you figure it out that way, the price does not seem so exorbitant, though we must remember that they get a little something out of the by-products. The particular product I am considering now is known as epinephrin, formerly adrenalin, suprarenalin, suprarenin, etc., and so forth—I wish these gland secretions didn't use so many aliases.

Whatever they call it we are likely to have to have it more than ever. Rudolf A. Clemen, in By-products in the Packing Industry, says:

"While savages and barbarians had just as many emergencies and shocks to overcome as we have, the inhibitions arising from education and conditions of modern living, with improper food, sedentary indoor confinement and the noise in greater cities, are undoubtedly making greater demands upon our adrenal glands. When these demands become too great in any particular case there ensues an insufficiency of adrenal secretion, resulting in nervous breakdown—a not uncommon occurrence among American business men—and, in some cases, melancholia and suicide."

Wonder what he means by "the inhibitions arising from education"? Have students any inhibitions to speak of? Anyway, if their adrenal glands have to be reënforced when they get old, they may not be dependent upon the packing houses, for epinephrin can be made synthetically in the laboratory. Though that's not saying that the doctor will charge less than $5,000 a pound in the future.

The Poppability of Corn

POPPING corn as a fireside pastime has gone the way of other household arts which furnished fun to our forefathers. A steam radiator is not adapted to the purpose. But the American public retains a taste for this indigenous delight and corn popping has become a national industry of commercial importance. So the Department of Agriculture has been carrying on scientific investigations on such questions as "the coëfficients of multiple correlation between the index of poppability and characteristics of the kernel," which sound abstruse and yet determine whether the pop-corn man on the corner will make enough money to live on.

The popping is caused by the explosion of the kernel due to the sudden conversion of the moisture into steam by the heat. The investigators find that the best moisture content is about 12 per cent.

The ability to pop successfully is an inherited characteristic and can be improved by eugenics. The kernels of good family will swell to twenty-four times their original volume on popping. The difference depends largely upon the structure of the starch grains. There are two kinds of starch, hard and soft. In flour corn the starch is all soft. Dent corn contains hard and soft in about equal amounts. Flint corn is mostly hard, and will pop, although poorly. Pop corn is nearly all hard starch, though the larger kernels contain some of the soft sort. Therefore pick out ears with small kernels. The starch grains are embedded in a sort of gluey mortar. When the wall bursts the released starch is instantaneously converted into a soluble, digestible and delicious form.

"I said to him, 'There is a check for $10,000 hidden in that book.'"

In 16 years we have not published *a more dramatic story than this*

This is the story of a man who almost threw $10,000 into the waste basket because he did not have curiosity enough to open the pages of a little book. (Have you read one single book in the past month that increased your business knowledge or gave you a broader business outlook?)

The scene took place in a bank in one of the southern cities of California. The Vice-president, who had sent for a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, said to him:

"I want your help in making a little private experiment among the junior officers of this bank. We have got to appoint a new cashier. I hate to bring a man in from the outside, and yet I am not at all sure that any one of our younger men is ready for the position. Here are the names of five of them. I want you to send a copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" to each one, but without letting them suspect that I have had a hand in it. Then call and tell the story of the Institute's training to each one separately and let me know how he receives it.

"I enrolled for your Course in New York years ago," he explained. "It gave me my first real knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. It meant everything to me, and I have an idea that there is no better way to test a man's business judgment than to see how he reacts to the opportunity it offers."

The five copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" were mailed, and a few days later the representative of the Institute called. One of the five men was on a vacation; three had tossed the book into the waste basket. They "knew all about it already"; they were "not interested." The fifth had his copy on his desk unopened. To that fifth man the Institute representative said:

"You may not suspect it, but there is a check for $10,000 in that little book."

"Don't kid me," the other answered.

"I'm serious," was the reply. "I'll see you to-morrow."

The following morning the Institute man was called on the 'phone. "I think I found that $10,000 check last night," said the man at the bank. "If you're down this way today, drop in. I'd like to enrol."

A few months later the directors of the bank appointed him cashier: his upward progress had begun. One of the first friends whom he notified of his promotion was the Institute representative.

"It gives me a cold shudder," he said, "to remember that I was just on the point of throwing that little book into the waste basket—$10,000 and all."

Few men realize how eagerly business leaders are looking for the heads that stick up above the mass—for the men who by any sort of special training or ability have marked themselves for larger things.

For business nowadays develops the specialist—the man who knows his own department well, but who is so close to his job that he hasn't had time to learn the broad fundamental principles upon which *all* business is built.

Do you want more money? Ask yourself this: "Why should anyone pay me more next year than this year? Just for living? Just for avoiding costly blunders? I am devoting most of my waking time to business—what am I doing to make myself more expert at business?"

Here is the Institute's function in a nutshell: It first of all awakens your interest in business, stimulates your desire to know, makes business a fascinating game. And second, it puts you into personal contact with leaders, thrills you by their example, makes you powerful with their methods. Is it any wonder, then, that Institute men stand out above the crowd?

Thousands of men will read this page. Hundreds will turn aside, or cast it into the waste basket, as those three men in the California bank threw their copies of "Forging Ahead in Business" into the waste basket. But a few hundred will be stirred by that divine emotion—curiosity—which is the beginning of wisdom. They will send for "Forging Ahead"; they will read it, and like the fifth man, will find a fortune in its pages.

In Canada, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C.P.R. Bldg., Toronto.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
480 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

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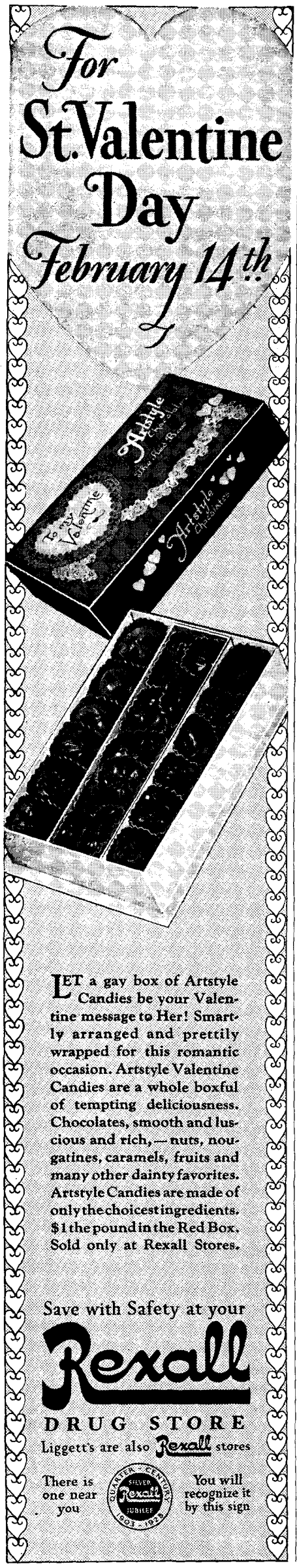

LET a gay box of Artstyle Candies be your Valentine message to Her! Smartly arranged and prettily wrapped for this romantic occasion. Artstyle Valentine Candies are a whole boxful of tempting deliciousness. Chocolates, smooth and luscious and rich,—nuts, nougatines, caramels, fruits and many other dainty favorites. Artstyle Candies are made of only the choicest ingredients. $1 the pound in the Red Box. Sold only at Rexall Stores.

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The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 21

distrustfully. "Father doesn't like him."

"And your father," I said, "isn't often fooled in men, you just told me."

"I like him," she stated.

"That should be enough," I smiled.

She read in my voice implications that I tried to keep out of my tones.

"Work, business, careers—they aren't everything," she cried. "You don't work yourself."

"I take it that Mr. Runyon toils not and neither does he spin."

"Let's talk about something else. How long are you going to stay here?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "That's hard to say. I might even go into business."

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

I had made the statement idly, merely to be saying something. Now, so great was my contempt for Runyon that it inspired ambitions in me.

"Perhaps I do," I said.

"You go to see Father. I know he'd love to have you with him."

I hid a smile. Imagine me taking an interest in chili sauce, becoming fervid over sausage, and white-hot over ketchup! Then I felt self-contempt. Was I, after all, a snob? Groceries might not be as thrilling as cards, but they were certainly more—well, honorable. I hated to make the admission even to myself, but I did.

I LEFT her after luncheon with the promise that I would telephone soon and arrange to dine with her family. To me, who in five years had had no friends, the evident willingness of the Candaces to welcome me was heartwarming. Also, Mrs. Loosich's bow as I passed from the dining-room was puzzlingly pleasing. Had I overestimated the quiet scandal of five years ago? Well, that would wait. It had waited five years now and could wait a little longer. I was more interested just now in young Kenneth Runyon than I was in Allen Gorham.

And it was in satisfaction of this interest in Yvonne's suitor that I turned west from Park Avenue to an address in the shadow of the elevated on Sixth Avenue.

"Mack Morgan, Private Detective," was the sign on the door of the office which, twenty minutes after I had said good-by to Yvonne, I entered. It was a shabby building, a low walk-up building. The stairs were dark, and I knew that they were grimy—as dark and grimy as the secrets that Mack Morgan carried.

He didn't recognize me at first. Then, as I mentioned my name, recognition flashed in his eyes. More than that, welcome and liking were in his expression.

"Well," he cried, "I'm a son of a such-and-such if it ain't Al Gorham. Son, ease the big carcass into a chair and tell me what's what and which is which."

"I will if you will tell me who's who," I replied.

Take Mack Morgan out of his shabby office, put him in the smokeroom of one of the fast liners, or seat him at one of the sidewalk tables of the Café de Paris, and you would have a typical American business man on a vacation. There was nothing of the popular conception of the detective about Mack Morgan.

He looked more like a broker than anything else. His office was shabby, but an expensive tailor had clothed him. He had, I think, better than the average education, and why he happened to have adopted a profession for which one can have little respect was a matter that had puzzled me. I think it was because his nature craved adventure, reveled in intrigue, and that his chosen career enabled him to gratify these inclinations. For the rest, I felt that, in so far as his lights guided him, he was honest. And I was pretty sure that he was the kind of person who liked to pay his debts, and he was under somewhat of an obligation to me.

"How long have you been in town, big boy?" he asked.

I hid a smile. One would have thought, from his manner, that he and I were intimates, whereas, despite that obligation owed to me, he had at first failed even to recognize me. But that was his method: to be bluff and hearty and hail-fellow-well-met.

"Just a few days," I answered.

"Settling down here?"

I shook my head. "I hardly think so."

He grinned knowingly. "That Paris town is certainly a swell place. When I get me my big roll you'll find me any morning right opposite the Opera, and along in the afternoon you'll find me shooting shimmy at the Cercle Hausmann. Evenings, I'll be ze r-r-rich Américain between the blond hussy and the brunette rascal that you'll see riding in the Bois."

The picture that he drew was reminiscent of my first meeting with him, and I chuckled. He pressed a cigar upon me, asked me if I thought New York had changed, mentioned Lindbergh and Mayor Walker and the new Follies, and then plumped a sudden question at me.

"What for, Mr. Gorham?"

I looked down at the cigar which he had given me. "I'm pretty much of a stranger in my own home town, Morgan," I answered.

"That's why I asked, what for," he said. "You and I can give each other the glad hand when we happen to meet, but I'd never expect you to look me up for the charm of my society. Spill the reason, Mr. Gorham."

"It's a rather delicate matter, Morgan," I hedged.

"There was another delicate matter in Paris a few years ago," he grinned. "An American gets himself full of that *vin*, and hops himself up with a few of those *fines*, and sprinkles his insides with a couple of those magnums, and forgets to pull his punch when he gets into an argument with one of those French cops. Now, one cop is nothing to a guy like me. But three is one too many. I might have been over there yet if you hadn't come along with as sweet a right as I've ever seen. And then the fixing. The way you squared those bulls from their Central Office the next day was nice work. Now, I'm never the kind to sign promissory notes. I never asked anyone to cash a post-dated check in my life. Settle when due is my motto. You took a chance with the French law for a stranger just because he was an American. I didn't tell you then that I'd pay you back if I ever could. Do I have to tell you now?"

"You don't, Morgan," I said.

"Then come through. What can I do for you?"

"DO YOU happen to know of a young man by the name of Kenneth Runyon?" I asked.

"Seems to me I've heard the name," he said. "Why, sure, I've heard of him often. Seems to me I've seen him. Never happened to meet him that I can remember offhand, but I know the party you mean. One of these boys that if he'd been a girl the ladies would have looked the other way as he passed by."

"But, inasmuch as he happened to be a man, the ladies don't look the other way," I said.

"Yes, I know about him. But what do you want with him?"

"Nothing, except information."

Morgan leaned back in his chair. "Information, eh? I take it that you wouldn't be particularly interested in finding out that he supported seven sisters and a couple of invalid aunts, and such stuff."

"If he happens to have any redeeming qualities, I'd like to hear of them," I replied.

"But you don't expect me to run across any. Well, I hardly think I will. Care to tell me what's behind it?"

"I'd rather not mention names," I said.

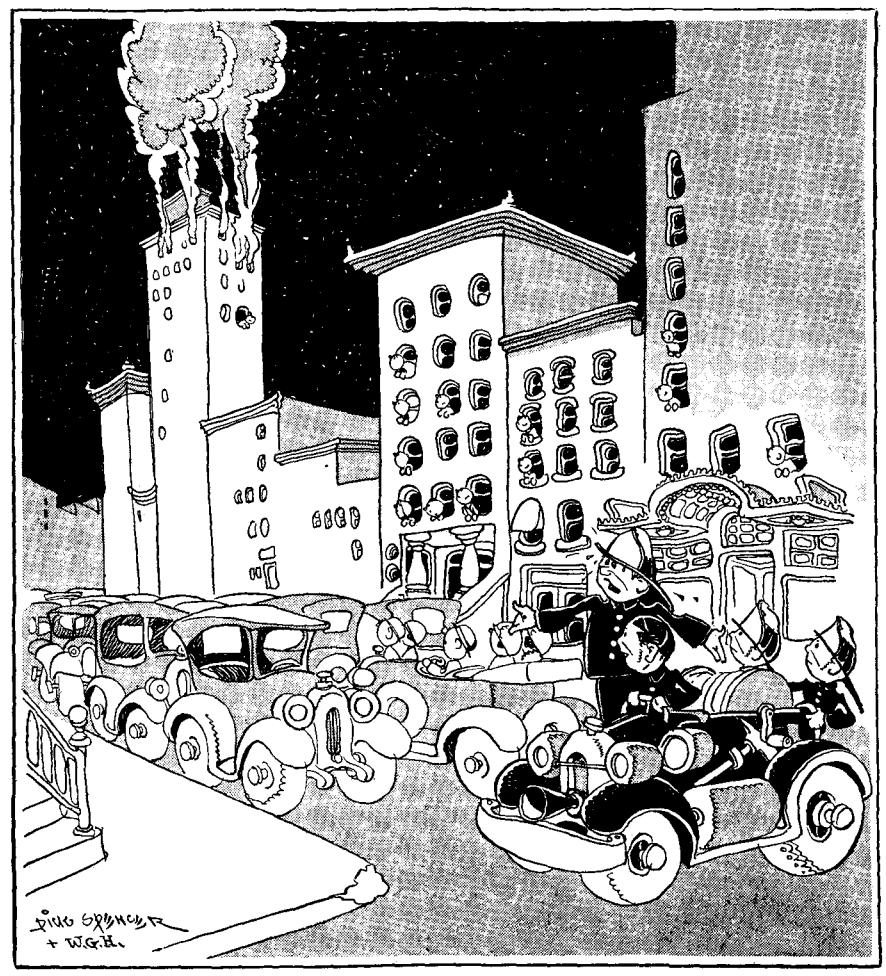
"That's all right. You'd just like the dope on him so's you can pass it on. Something like that?"

"Something like that," I admitted.

"Where can I get hold of you?" Morgan's tone was suddenly businesslike.

"I'm at the Regent," I told him.

"I'll give you a ring some time tomor-



"It's no use, boys; there's absolutely no place to park"

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row. Maybe this evening if you're in a hurry."

"The sooner the better, though there's no urgency about it," I said. "How much?"

"No dough from you to me," he said.

"But expenses," I protested.

"Telephone calls cost a nickel in this town," he laughed. "It'll take some time to eat up five dollars at that rate. I'd like to take you out to dinner some night. We might knock over a few quarts together."

"I've heard of things that sounded more unpleasant than that," I smiled.

"Then we'll do it pretty soon. Meantime I'll get busy on this Runyon lad. So long, son."

We shook hands, and I left his office. As I emerged from the dingy building I glanced at my watch. It was not yet four o'clock. I had several hours to kill before I would feel like dining.

Deliberately I tried to crowd Anita from my thoughts. Like any drug fiend who over and over assures himself that he has shaken off his enslaving habit, I told myself that I would not call upon her, that nothing would make me forgo my determination never willingly to see her again.

Then I reasoned with myself that if I didn't see her again I wouldn't find out what lay behind the puzzle of her attitude last night. I told myself that I could find out something, possibly, about young Runyon from Anita. And all the time I knew perfectly well that it didn't matter what I learned, or failed to learn, so long as I saw her, so long as I was in the same room with her.

All of us, I suppose, have battles with ourselves, when sanity or self-respect bids us take one road while desire indicates another. Trivial though the occasion for this battle with myself may seem, it was, I think, the most important struggle that had ever occurred to me.

For when our weakness dominates our strength we have taken a definite step toward moral disintegration. I thought, as I finally rang the bell of Anita's little house on East Sixty-fourth Street, of Ulysses stopping the ears of his sailors with wax and causing himself to be bound to the mast of his ship lest the songs of the Sirens draw him to destruction.

I told myself that Anita was unadmirable, that she had used me in a fashion that should have forever killed my love. I told myself that I had managed to get along without her for the past five years. I even reminded myself that she was married. And then desire asked me what I owed Fred Gorham that I should remember that Anita was his wife.

She greeted me with malicious mischief.

"The Paris is off Montauk Point," she smiled.

I caught desperately at my dignity.

"Business detained me in New York," I said.

She pursed her lovely lips.

"Business? That's a new name for me. I don't know whether it's a compliment or not. But I'll consider it one."

SO SURE she was! Well, looking at her, it was not difficult to understand that she had every justification for confidence in her career. And sex was her career. If she had been mistress of her career at twenty-one, she was even more so at twenty-six. Feminine from the tips of her dainty slippers to the crown of her golden hair, her lovely body and glorious face were instruments directed by a masculine brain. For Anita Gorham was one of those women who have all the intuitions of their sex plus the logic of a man.

She knew as few women do how to enhance her beauty and her charm by the setting in which she placed them: the tea things, the severely simple furnishings of the room, the most conspicuous of which was Barry's portrait of herself. She was not the kind of woman to place a rare jewel in too elaborate a setting. The principal thing in her house was herself, and she brooked no rivals, not even inanimate ones.

Perhaps the most cunning thing she did was to sit beneath the portrait, thus inevitably making one contrast the superb painting with the much more superb living flesh.

"You look older," she said. "Cream or lemon?"

"Cream. And one lump of sugar. I *am* older," I said.

"Of course. But there's a something—I don't know how to express it. As though you'd learned a lot. Have you?" she asked.

"I don't know. The more ignorant we are the more profound we consider ourselves, you know."

"That sounds clever. I wonder if it is. But, then, you were always clever." She looked at me over her teacup. I remembered that this was one of her most effective coquetries.

"Was I?" I forced my voice to be cold.

"That was one of your greatest charms. Of course, you know that you were very good-looking. You still are."

I set my cup on the table and looked at her. "Lost your touch, haven't you, Anita?"

She knew what I meant; Anita always knew what one meant. And she had the grace to color.

"Don't forget, Allen, that we have to bridge five years. But I promise not to be crude again. At that, I should think that my eagerness to please would be flattering."

"It is. But I'm wondering why."

"Women haven't spoiled you, have they, Allen?"

"One of them ruined me," I said grimly.

"But suppose she wants to repair the damage?" she asked.

"Thanks. I'm not having any," I told her.

Once again she blushed.

"Not many men refuse to flirt just a trifle with me," she pouted. "You didn't use to be cold."

"Not cold—cured," I said.

"Sure?"

I picked up my cup and deliberately drained it before I answered.

"You're married," I reminded her.

"Then it isn't because you're cured," she charged.

It was my turn to color now, and I was enraged because she saw me blush.

"Anita," I said abruptly, "what do you want with me?"

She raised her eyebrows. "I don't think I understand you. Is it strange, considering the past, that I should want to see you?"

"To me it is," I said.

"You're strangely without vanity, Allen."

I rose. I knew that if I stayed in the same room with her another five minutes I'd have her in my arms. And that could never be. God knows I felt no obligation toward my cousin Fred. But I felt an obligation toward myself. I'm no prig. A kiss, perhaps, may not be utterly criminal. But Anita was not the kind of woman whom one could kiss and pass on. If I kissed her it could only mean that I would take her in spite of everything.

And it was not merely my own overwhelming desire that frightened me. There was something in Anita's eyes that told me that if my arms did but reach out to take her she would step within them.

I had been a fool to come. I felt even more of a fool as I made stammering excuses and left her. A lesser woman than Anita would have made an effort to detain me, knowing how successful that effort must be. Outside, I asked myself why she had let me go. Not in vanity did I put this question to myself. Anita had wanted me to kiss her, had wanted to kiss me. But had she wanted these things for their own sake?

I wondered. She had managed to control and kill her love five years ago. I could not bring myself to believe that her dead love had been reborn last night.

Then why? I sneered at myself. I had called upon Anita because I was going to solve the puzzle of her attitude, yet after calling I was no nearer answering the riddle than I had been last night.

MACK MORGAN was waiting at the Regent when I arrived there. He greeted me with a certain restraint in his manner.

"Let's go up to your room," he suggested.

We took the elevator, and in my room I offered Morgan a cigar. He lighted it with extreme care. Somehow I felt that he was choosing his words carefully before uttering them.

"How long are you going to be in New York?" he asked.

I stared at him. "I haven't decided."

"The Majestic sails tonight, doesn't she?"

"I think so. Why?"

"You canceled your passage on the Paris today, didn't you?"

I didn't remember having mentioned this to Morgan.

"What are you driving at?" I asked.

"I think you'd do well to sail tonight," he answered.

Now I didn't know Mack Morgan very well; I had seen him very few times. But I had made his acquaintance when he was in serious trouble, and the manner in which a man comports himself when trouble threatens is usually a pretty good indication as to his character. Mack Morgan was not a man to say things for the sake of hearing his own voice; if he hinted, it was because he had what seemed to him good and sufficient reason for the hint.

"Suppose you say it very slowly and in words of one syllable, Morgan," I suggested.

"You're a nice chap, Gorham," he said. "You did plenty for me when plenty was needed. I never asked you your racket, did I? I took you at your face value, just as you took me, I guess. And I hate to say this, but, Gorham, this is an awful unhealthy town for a man that plays as swell a game of poker as you do."

"Make it still slower and in still shorter words," I said.

"Some people need a kick in the face while others require only a tap on the wrist," he said. "I'd have figured you as one of the latter."

"What's all this got to do with my asking you to dig up a few facts about Kenneth Runyon?" I demanded.

"Now that," he answered, "is something you'd better figure out by yourself."

(*To be continued next week*)

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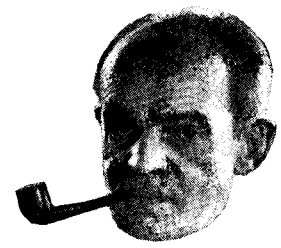
By



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Give and Take

Continued from page 16

reason she blushed, and then to hide it added: "Ted said that no man, even if he were a millionaire, would give a girl a little fur coat no matter how bad she might need it."

Norris DeWitt blinked as though his highball were too strong, and Adela said sweetly: "What nonsense! Why, Norris here would be tickled to death to buy you a little fur coat, wouldn't you, Norris? Of course you won't need the coat until fall, but we might as well get it now. Why don't we three have luncheon at Sherry's tomorrow, Norris, and then go out and get Kay a coat?"

Norris DeWitt did nothing but smile at the moment, but when Adela disappeared into her small kitchen in search of crackers and cheese, he came across the room and sat clumsily on the heavy, cushioned arm of Kay's chair. "You poor little thing," he said tenderly. "Of course you shall have a coat. I don't think we'll need Adela to help us select it, though. I think too many people are apt to confuse your mind about what you want, don't you?"

Kay shook her head. "I don't think anybody could confuse my mind about what kind of fur coat I want. I've been wanting the same kind every day for three months. And it's so sweet of you. It just goes to show what I've always told Ted. He's so suspicious. He really doesn't know very much, does he?"

"Apparently he doesn't," agreed Norris DeWitt. "I can see you've had quite a struggle with him. You're worn out and you will have to be taken care of. I shall insist Adela keep you right here for a few days at least, and then, perhaps, a little sea air won't hurt. Let's see, now. About Thursday night we'll have a small party for you aboard my cruiser yacht, the Pride. Just the people we know. How's that?"

Kay smiled happily.

A thumping and muffled pawing at the front door of the apartment interrupted Norris DeWitt's further suggestions for Kay's health and happiness. Norris hurried to the door and admitted a stumbling creature whom Kay with difficulty recognized as the poised and urbane Mr. Jarvis Semple. In fact, she had always thought him the handsomest and most attractive of all Adela's charming friends. But he was not attractive now. He was a wreck. Apparently he had been hit by a taxicab. His eyes were black. The side of his face was puffed, and the seat of his trousers made it plain that he had been sitting in the street.

Norris DeWitt stood back aghast. "Jarvis!" he exclaimed. "I'm ashamed of you, Jarvis. You're drunk."

Jarvis leered at him. "I am most certainly not drunk," he said. "I have been attacked. Look at me. Do you need any more evidence that I have been assaulted? I have been assaulted by the most ferocious thug in New York. He didn't even bother to rob me. He said that he would teach me to wreck a happy home. Did you ever hear of my wrecking a happy home, Norris?"

"Well, they weren't happy very long after you got started, old boy. Anyway, I still believe you're drunk and were hit by a taxi. Did you get the number?"

"I wonder," suggested Kay vaguely . . . I wonder . . . Did it by any chance happen to be a blond thug, Mr. Semple?"

LONG after that—hours after Norris DeWitt had escorted the shattered Jarvis home to the peace and safety of his own apartment and the ice-pack ministrations of his own valet, and at least an hour after the quite bald and soft-footed little husband of Adela Custer had drifted noiselessly into the apartment, glanced timidly about, and gone out again—Adela herself, in a vivid negligee, reclined at the foot of Kay's bed. They had gone over the whole thing. Everything was decided about Kay's future. She had suffered all at the hands of a brute such as Ted Wrenn that could be expected of even the most self-sacrificing of women, and now she was to begin to live. Ted was mid-Victorian, sentimental, pre-war, out of date, positively moronic.

"He made me think," said Kay, "there was something actually dangerous about going on parties with other men and, perhaps, accepting a little present now and then. He said all those presents were C. O. D."

"Ridiculous," said Adela. "Why, it actually compliments a husband to have his wife go out with other men. How else is he going to know she's attractive? And, as for the presents, that is a matter of choice. If you're so rich that you can afford to refuse an occasional lovely but innocent present, well, then, I'd refuse it. Wait—let me show you the diamond bowknot a friend gave me last month. Here. Just a little thing, of course, but I appreciated the thought."

Nameographs

"Peter the Great," by Maisie Robertson, 2154 York St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada

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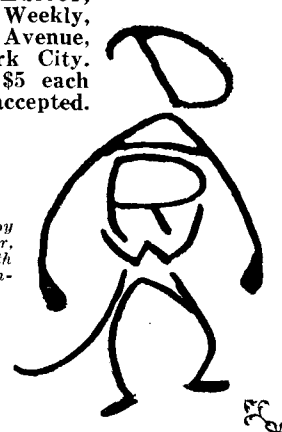

"Darwin," by Clinton Stoner, 330 West 64th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Kay lay awake thinking about everything. Life was very strange. Sometimes as small and inconsequential a thing as a pair of pajamas could change the entire course of one's life. It was really wonderful. For a magnanimous moment she even wondered if possibly Ted might not be reformed. It might be rather nice if Ted could see things in the new way too. Perhaps Adela would be willing to try to convert Ted.

It was with that optimistic thought that she fell asleep, although, unfortunately, it was not a sound sleep. She dreamed and finally awakened with a start and a cry of alarm.

"Adela!" she called, and as soon as she heard an impatient "Yes?" from the next room, "I just dreamed Ted climbed up the fire escape and came in here and took me home. He couldn't do it, could he? I mean, even if he wanted to? No, it isn't nonsense either. That's just the sort of thing Ted does. He always surprises you by doing something disconcertainly physical. I think he's primitive, Adela."

"Let's discuss your husband's primitive nature in the morning," said Adela.

Mr. Norris DeWitt found the next two days rather unusually interesting—as interesting, at least, as a man who can have as much as he wants of whatever he wants can expect to find his days. He took, however, a certain zest in beginnings. He knew that anticipation and the pleasure of subtle victory in the early stages of an experience were the finest part of it. He might have even been willing to forego conclusions if they weren't necessary to prove that a beginning was a beginning. He might even have been willing to let this utterly delightful little Kay Wrenn person go. But that, after all, could easily be taken as a reflection upon his ability, and his friend and rival, Jarvis Semple, would without doubt make the most of it at the club. As a matter of fact, if he let the little Kay Wrenn go, she would probably flutter innocently and unwittingly straight into Jarvis' arms. And Jarvis, by virtue of having survived an attack by what was obviously a madman, was winning enough attention in the card room as it was.

So far the whole thing was charming. He had in other days bought pearl necklaces and motor cars and villas on the Riviera, but none of those essential expenses had given him half the satisfaction derived from buying the little Wrenn a moderately priced fur coat.

OF COURSE, nothing is perfect. There was one tiny flaw in the episode which, while it did little more than pique Norris DeWitt's enjoyment of the whole, remained nevertheless somewhere in his consciousness as a flaw. When he had left the apartment building the other evening, taking poor old Jarvis home to his valet, he had observed a quite sizable young man standing out front with a slip of paper in his hand, as though he might be checking off names. Norris had seen him make two distinct marks on his slip of paper before he turned on his heel and walked away.

Just why so irrelevant a detail should have disturbed him, Norris couldn't say. Also, a young man had paraded back and forth in front of the Fiftieth Street windows of the Ambassador dining-room when he and little Wrenn were in there having luncheon. It meant nothing. There was nothing to prove it was the same young man, and, indeed, what if it were?

And so very blithely, bringing his stick down sharply on the pavement and with nothing in his mind but his customary pleasant contemplation of subtle victories in the early stages, Mr. DeWitt proceeded on his way up to a Fifth Avenue store where Kay had promised to show him several pairs of very wonderful shoes, especially the lizard ones.

She was waiting somewhat breathlessly at the front door. "Hurry," she said. "One of the pairs I so especially wanted to show you has been bought already." On the way out, with the happy feeling of having bought five pairs of beautiful shoes all at once, she said: "It's too bad that you were not a friend of mine before, Norris, because in the past few years I've seen any number of things you might have been interested in buying me. It's all my husband's fault, I assure you. He is positively pre-war, just as Adela says. Still, most men seem to like him. Well . . . I guess we've done our shopping for the day, haven't we?"

"Not necessarily," said Norris. "But I think we'd better drop up to the Plaza for what they are pleased to call tea before we tire ourselves out." Secretly he was slightly disturbed by this rather frequent mention of little Wrenn's husband, just as though he were still in the picture, so to speak.

In fact, the circumstance made him glad that he had set the stage for the high moment of the affair aboard the Pride rather than at his lodge in the Adirondacks or against the rich background of his roof-top apartment on Park Avenue. "Suppose I step out here and order the boat for Friday night, little Wrenn?" he suggested.

Kay clapped her hands. "Oh, yes," she said. "Do it. I'll excuse you. Can we go as far as New London? How many can go? Adela and Jarvis and you and I. . . . Would there be room for another?"

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From one of the hotel telephone booths Norris called the Bayside Yacht Club anchorage and was lucky enough to catch Captain Bartlett ashore. "Friday night at the Twenty-eighth Street landing, Bartlett." The connection was bad, and he raised his voice: "New London probably. Yes, just myself and a friend. How's the boat? What? He's been away for three days? Well, I can't stand for that, Bartlett. He's probably off on a bat, and I've got to have an engineer I can count on. Get somebody else." He left the booth fuming. "You'd think a man with a cinch job like that could at least stay with the boat," he muttered.

"Yes, I should think he could," said the sizable young man who stepped from the immediately adjacent telephone booth as soon as Norris had paid his toll and gone. "Or maybe he's particular what kind of snake in the grass he works for."

Adela and Kay had a quiet little dinner in the apartment Friday evening, but Kay couldn't eat. She was too excited. "Of course you're blasé, Adela," she said. "Yacht trips and sleeping on the boat are nothing to you because you've had dear, kind, generous friends like Norris for a long time. But I'm just beginning. This is going to be my very first yacht trip. What do you put on in the morning, Adela? Isn't it almost eight o'clock? I'll go mad if they don't come for us soon. Don't you think I ought to wear something with sleeves in it to start out, Adela? It seems sort of crazy to wear the same sort of gown that you would wear to a party in town."

Adela was called to the telephone and was gone some minutes. "That's bad luck," she said when she returned. "That was Jarvis Semple. He's absolutely got to see a man in Greenwich tonight before he goes on board. Some big stock deal, of course, but he's going to call for me in his car right away. We'll drive as far as Greenwich, and you and Norris are to put in for us at the Indian Harbor Yacht Club landing. You won't mind that. Jarvis says to tell you that Norris may be a few minutes late. Come let me show you a little present one of my old friends gave me while we wait."

Kay looked eagerly at the bracelet of diamonds and emeralds. "Oh!" she said. "Aren't you lucky. But Norris says he will not be able to resist giving me a diamond bowknot as soon as we get back from New London. It will be just a little thing, of course, but I will appreciate the thought."

THE Pride was not a multimillionaire's yacht, but Kay, seated beside him in a cushioned chair on the open deck as they wound through East River into the Sound, found it thrilling. "I've never been on such a beautiful boat in my whole life," she said.

"The Pride is just as thrilled as you are, little Wrenn," said Norris. "She has never carried such a beautiful passenger."

There was something in his manner of saying that, and the touch of his fingers upon her arm, which for the moment dimmed the lights of all the blue stars and the yellow lights and red and green lights of passing craft and the white gleam of phosphorescence in their wake. But she was sorry she had felt that way, and she patted Norris' hand just to show that she really didn't. After all, Norris was one of her oldest friends.

Norris DeWitt in his wisdom did not pursue the advantage. He pointed out a flashing beacon ahead and the far, dotted line of lights which marked the Long Island shore. Then he stepped back to speak to Captain Bartlett, who, judging from the satyr's eye in his grizzled old face, could be counted upon to do his duty under all circumstances. "I see you got the new engineer all right, Captain. How is he?"

"Knows engines," said the captain. "Doesn't know boats, but doesn't have to. I got him for thirty-five, Mr. DeWitt." Then he lowered his voice. "Do I lay straight for New London, sir?" . . .

"Look!" said Kay, when Norris joined her again. "Isn't that Larchmont we're passing? I used to live there." She waved her hand at the lights of the place where she used to live. If only her father and her brothers could see her! She began thinking about Ted too. If only he hadn't kicked her right out of her own home, he might have been experiencing this lovely yacht trip too.

"Look, Norris! That must be Greenwich. Shouldn't we be turning in for Jarvis and Adela?"

Norris nodded. "Yes, we really should. The captain says there is something wrong with the steering line and we'll have to wait until the engineer has it fixed. Only a delay. Nothing to worry about. Let's go back in the cockpit and turn on the radio. I'll shake a cocktail."

Kay watched the lights of Greenwich follow those of Larchmont into the bright path of their wake. She felt uneasy, and she wished they would hurry and fix their old steering line so that they could go back and get Jarvis and Adela. She felt much more convinced that things were just as Adela said they were when Adela was present.

Norris returned at last from below, having spent considerable time testing the quality of his cocktail, which, although it suited him, was too strong for Kay. She couldn't drink it. Norris turned the radio dials, and a dance tune floated out of the air. He pushed back the chairs. "Come on, little Wrenn," he said, "let's dance. It's time we began to make ourselves more at home."

Kay gave one somewhat worried glance at the spot in the purple dark where Greenwich had disappeared and allowed herself to be led through a few steps of Norris DeWitt's futile dancing. Norris would have admitted that his dancing was futile, as dancing, but he found the gesture of it generally useful. All the subtle victories were won now. He and little Wrenn were, from his viewpoint, safely together in the middle of Long Island Sound. There was nothing subtle about the grip of his hand and the weight of his arm about her as they stopped dancing. Even Kay was aware of it and tried to push away from him. "Do you know you're hurting me, Norris?"

He smiled, mumbling something about "ought to play the game" and continued to hold her. Her struggling amused him, as if he thought she were feigning, until she screamed through his kiss. Then he let her go. "What in blazes is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Don't you know how to behave on a trip like this?"

Kay had retreated across the stern to the lounge, and she faced him with both the tears of final understanding and of ferocity in her eyes. "No," she said. "I do not know how to behave on a trip like this. I did not know it was a trip like this. You'd better turn this boat in to Greenwich, or my husband will . . . I think he will kill you." Her voice softened with a note of fear. "Won't you please take me home, Norris?"

SO THERE was novelty in the affair for Norris DeWitt after all. He laughed incredulously. "Do you mean it? Do you mean to say you didn't know we were not going to stop at Greenwich? Of course you knew it. Come on. Be yourself. I've given you a run for your money—or rather for mine." He started toward her again. "Don't try to make a fool of me, little Wrenn."

He caught her wrists, but he couldn't hold her. He fell back, breathing fast and angry now. "Why, you little four-flushing gold digger," he spluttered. "What do you think I've been doing for the past week? Have I let you drag me all over town because I needed exercise? Have I completed your wardrobe just because a pretty girl has a right to pretty clothes? Well, I'm not that kind of fool, and you're not going to get away with this. Understand?"

Kay understood and fled as far as the rail in terror. "Please," she said. "I'll give them all back to you. I don't want your fur coat. I hate lizard shoes. I didn't know they were all . . . C. O. D. I didn't believe it. I didn't think he knew anything." She was in tears now. "I want to go home to my own apartment, and I'll never leave it again . . . not even to buy a hat. If he kicks me out I'll go right back in. Don't you touch me. I'll jump over . . . Ted!"

The last was a scream, and she was halfway over the rail. Norris DeWitt's fumbling hands could not have stopped her.

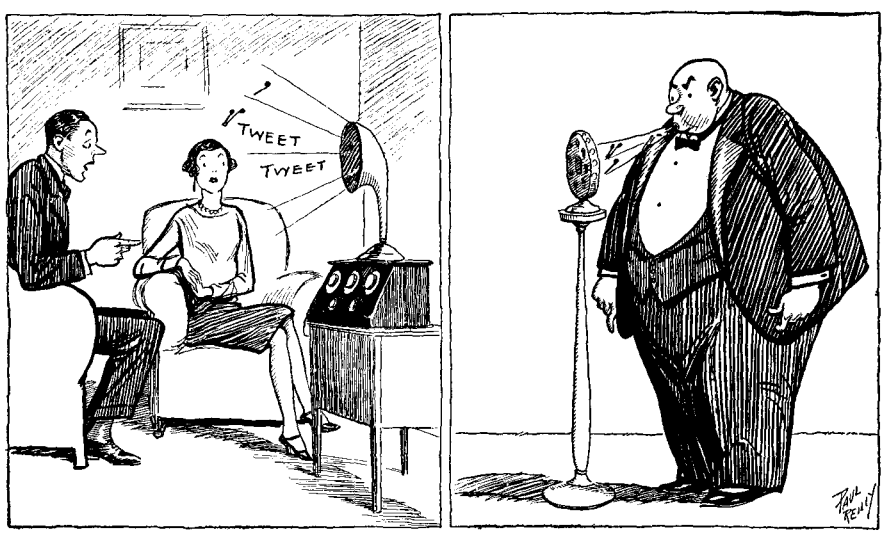
But somebody else's hands could. He rose up through the companionway from the engine-room, like a genie in smoke. He was in overalls and cap, and there was a streak of black across his forehead. A long, grease-stained arm reached out and lifted Kay down from the rail. There was a sudden sharp crack, and Norris DeWitt went spinning head foremost down among the overturned chairs.

"All right, Kay," said the newcomer. "That's over. I was just waiting until you called for me. We can start for home now."

She clung to him desperately, as if with his first touch she had realized who it was. She kept repeating, "Ted! . . . Ted!" hysterically at first and then quietly. "I knew you'd be there if I needed you, Ted."

A week later they had forgotten all that, as Ted had said. Life had resumed its normal course, and they were discussing at the breakfast table the problem of whether or not they could afford to get Kay a pair of lizard shoes, one of those debates in which the ayes always have it but which continue to be debates nevertheless. The maid, returning from the front door with some inconsequential household business interrupted: "It's the delivery boy from the Atlantic Hand Laundry, Mrs. Wrenn. No, it isn't about the bill. He only wants to know if you got in your bundle last week a pair of blue silk pajamas which should have gone to Mrs. Joseph Smith. I seem to remember putting them out for Mr. Wrenn, mam. . . ."

"Never mind, Hattie," said Mr. Wrenn as soon as he had recovered from the effect of having swallowed a whole crust of toast. "Just ask the delivery boy how much Mrs. Joseph Smith's pajamas were worth."



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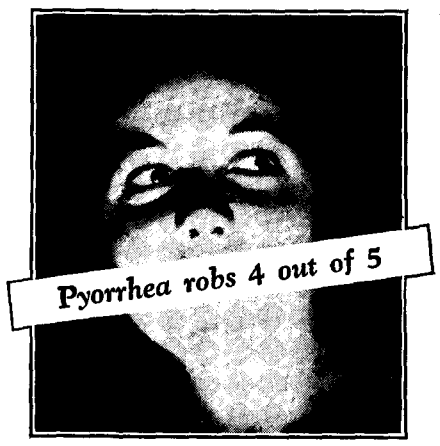

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LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

As necessary as the morning shave

The Valley Girl

Continued from page 22

Bett's reason for sitting hidden in the car while the secretary delivered the note. Yet the command, bizarre as it was, seemed quite in keeping with Bett's way of doing things. The more bizarre his orders, as a rule, the more common sense and necessity there was likely to be behind them.

With a sigh Gavin gave up the tangle of incomprehensible happenings. He was dead tired. He was due to start before sunrise on his systematic quartering of Durkin Hill, above the Christie quarry, in quest of that possibly apocryphal mine shaft of pre-Revolutionary days.

He was due to have need for all his vigorous strength for the day of stiff quartering of the mountain side. So, giving up his plan of visiting the hospital, he ate his ill-cooked dinner and went to bed. Gerritt and the others could wait until his return from shaft seeking.

AT GRAY dawn Cole was awake and up. After an ice-chill shower and a rubdown he shaved and got into his clothes and a pair of stout boots. Then, after a hurried breakfast, he pocketed two lunch sandwiches and set out on his questing.

A heavy night's sleep, and the prospect of a whole day's absence from the straining racket and rush of the labor gangs and of the myriad teasing details of his routine, made him oddly exhilarated. It would be good to get away from every duty and every associate and to think things out. Also, in the freshness of early morning there seemed fewer and less complicated things to think out.

Gayly he crossed the meadow and the hand bridge over the Reginskill and made his way toward the steep and thick-wooded mountain side beyond. From here he could see depressions in the hillside trees where, at two points, rudimentary wood roads wound their serpentine course up the slope.

These roads were old, for assuredly timber had not been gathered here and carted to the valley since the scrubby second growth had begun to clothe the mountain side. There were only a handful of the ancient trees left standing after the prodigal deforestation ordained by some spendthrift of many years agone.

Tree cutters, game hogs, water grabbers—this unholy trinity was doing its industrious best, as ever, to ruin nature's work.

One or both the antique and overgrown wood roads, reflected Gavin, in all probability had been there in the days when the colonial landowner found his zinc prospect and set his lazy Negro slaves to digging its slanting shaft into the heart of the hillside.

The landowner would have been likeliest to cut some kind of practical trail, if one did not exist already, for the proposed transporting of his ore and of such rudimentary machinery as he might have used in the shaft-sinking. What more natural than that one of these ancient roads was of his cutting and had been kept open later for the drawing of wood?

By exploring both roads in succession from base to top of Durkin Hill, and by penetrating the undergrowth on either side, there was more chance of coming upon traces leading to the shaft than by a mere quartering of the entire mountain side.

Accordingly Gavin struck off toward the beginning of the nearer road as well as he could determine its location amid the billowings of the foothills and knolls at the slope's base.

As Cole came to the first upward turn in the wood road there was a patter of feet from somewhere in front of him. Then around the curve trotted a huge bronze-and-snow collie.

Heather, returning homeward from an early morning rabbit hunt on the mountain, had caught sound and scent of his good friend Gavin and had quickened his wolf trot, flattening back his tulip ears against his head; his deep-set eyes glinting with gay anticipation.

For be it known that a collie finds it only moderately interesting, as a rule, to fare forth on solitary rambles. The jaunt begins to pall before very long. But there is no normal collie that does not love to go on the longest and most tiring walk in any weather if only he may have some human he likes as a walking companion. This craving of the average dog to go walking with humans is one of the strongest and most inexplicable of all canine traits.

Heather was genuinely fond of Cole. Indeed, Gavin was almost the only person, save only his adored mistress and master, for whom the big collie felt the remotest affection. Thus, finding his two-legged friend abroad so early, Heather rushed up to him, barking and capering and patting at Cole's legs with flying white forepaws.

Gavin stooped and caressed the enthusiastically welcoming dog; then the two mounted the wood road, side by side.

For some minutes Gavin plodded along, his eyes piercing the thickets at either hand for likely spots where once a mine shaft might have been sunk. Heather walked sometimes beside him, sometimes lagged behind to investigate some possible squirrel hole; sometimes gamboled ahead as if to show his comrade the way.

Then, some yards beyond, a grayish and shapeless thing scuttled across the wood road. Head down, Heather gave chase. It was not every day that a woodchuck came within his ken. Like a furry bronze thunderbolt he sped after his prey.

The woodchuck ambled at the top of his rocking-horse speed into the roadside bushes. Heather drove him out of them and along a rock ledge with a low cliff rising from it. At the edge of a flat tangle of undergrowth, midway on this ledge, the woodchuck took cover, burrowing into the clump of twisted bushes and creepers a bare eighteen inches ahead of the pursuing collie.

Gavin, looking on amusedly from the road, waited to hear the sounds of violent conflict from among the thin barrier of undergrowth plastered against the cliff. But no such sound emerged.

A second later, however, he heard Heather break into a fanfare of harrowing barks such as a collie emits only when he has treed or holed his prey. Apparently the woodchuck had found a hole in the cliff's face, where he was safe from his enemy.

Gavin advanced lazily, parting the screen of bushes. Then he caught his breath. In front of him was what he sought.

From low down the cliff to the ledge itself yawned an aperture in the rock. In front of it, among the undergrowth, were heaps of stone and rubble, covered with vines.

In the center of the shaft opening danced Heather, smelling and scratching at a narrow gap of rock to one side of the hole. Here evidently the woodchuck had found shelter.

Gavin brushed the excited dog aside and began to rip down and throw away the leafage which masked the shaft entrance. The hole was perhaps four feet high and six wide. Little as he knew of practical mining, Gavin could see the work had been done in slipshod, amateur fashion.

He could visualize the colonial landowner, with far more theory than practice, bunglingly directing the still more bungling efforts of his Negro diggers and blasters as they deepened the shaft.

Taking out the flashlight and canvas bag and geologist's hammer he so optimistically had brought along, Cole prepared to descend the steeply sloping shaft. The way was narrow and narrower. It was rough and was slippery from damp. The shoring had been crudely insufficient. Decades ago it had rotted to punk and had fallen to the precipitous floor. Walls and roof were oozing.

Juts and big stones above him made the man dodge and crawl as he made his careful descent. He ducked lower, on hands and knees, to crawl under an overhanging bowlder that the Negroes had dug under and around. Then for a step or so the reef was a little higher. Cole sat up and turned his light ahead, toward the shaft bottom. The bottom was but a few yards beyond. There a black pool of water reflected his light's gleam.

"Well," mused Gavin, "I've found it. Two days to find it in, and I blundered on it in less than an hour. Not so bad."

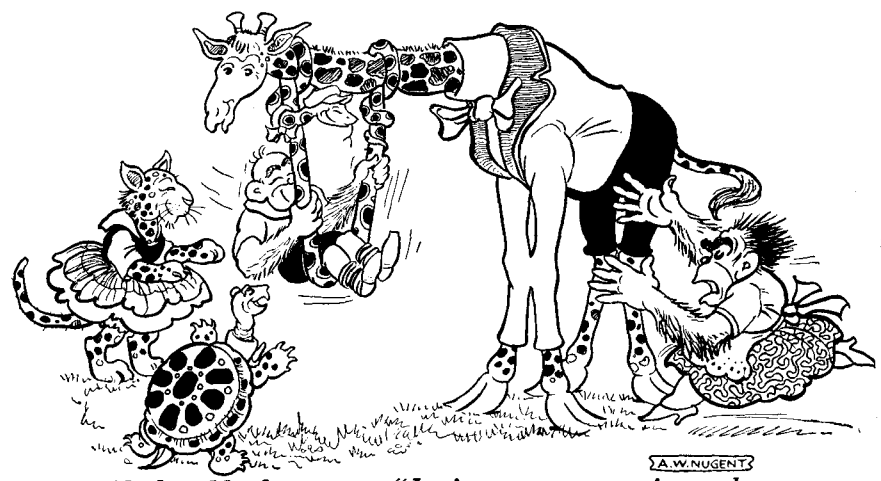
He drew forth again the tiny hammer and chisel he had brought and fell to chipping specimens of rock from the walls on both sides, dumping them into the canvas sack. He chose his specimens at random from where he sat clear down to the water's edge. Then he began his ascent, still chipping and collecting.

AS HE stooped low to crawl under the down-jutting bowlder, halfway to the mouth of the shaft, his foot slipped on a slimy stone. He threw both arms out instinctively to recover his balance. His palm smote smartly against the bowlder.

As if it had been suspended by a hair and on greased grooves, the big rock slid down from the earthy ceiling where the decay of the shoring had left it unbraced. With no undue noise or dirt shower, it fell to the floor of the shaft.

Instead of rolling down to the bottom —sweeping the helpless Gavin along in its bouncing flight—the bowlder stopped where it fell. The drop had been only a few feet. Yet that distance and the weight had sufficed to drive the sharp jut of the bowlder into the hard-trodden patch of earth just beneath it.

There stood the great stone, blocking most of the narrow shaft, completely barring Gavin Cole from getting out.



Mother Monk to son: "Junior, come away from those children this instant before you catch the measles!"

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Yes, he was a prisoner. Study of the rock's position from every angle proved that. He was bottled as securely in this slimy prospect shaft as though he were sealed in the Mamertine dungeons.

He crouched there, confused, awed. From above trickled faint light from the glowing red sunrise. From above, too, came the renewed merry barking of Heather as the collie ceased for a brief breathing space and resumed his onslaught on the coyly invisible woodchuck.

Recklessly Gavin put all his strength into an effort to stir the stone from its imbedded point, so that it might topple to the right and give him the advantage of those extra few inches. Through the left-hand opening he knew he could writhe his way sidewise if a few more inches were added to its width. It was well worth while to risk a crushing if only he could dislodge the rock and gain that one off chance of life. But he could not stir the bowlder, strive and heave as he would. Nor could his knife's largest blade make any impression on the rock of the left-hand wall, alongside the fallen stone.

The only result of this cutting maneuver was to make his knife close sharply as he bore more force upon it. It closed on the inside of his forefinger, gashing the flesh nastily. Gavin exclaimed in petty vexation at his own awkwardness.

The exclamation must have held a subtle undernote of something more than mere annoyance. For at sound of it, in a momentary interval between thunderous barks at the woodchuck, Heather desisted suddenly from his vain effort to spur the ground hog into coming forth to be slain.

The collie looked worriedly into the shaft. Then, on mincing white feet, he came slowly down to see what had befallen his human chum.

As he reached the bowlder the great dog appeared to sense something of the man's plight. He paused, trembling all over and whining softly, far down in his shaggy throat. Then he sniffed at the bowlder and thrust his head hesitatingly through the broader left-hand opening toward the imprisoned Gavin.

"Heather!" gasped Cole in sharp relief. "Oh, Heather, old chap, what a fool I was! I clean forgot *you*. Wait a second. Let me think."

He spoke as to a fellow human. The dog stood waiting, as though he understood. His recent puppylike friskiness was gone. Majestic, solemn, alert, he waited.

"I sent a note to her once by you," mused Gavin, half aloud. "I—"

He searched his clothes. There was no scrap of paper in them, nor a pencil stub. Through every pocket he hunted. In the right hip pocket of his trousers was a crumpled wad of something.

He pulled it out. It was the handkerchief he had thrust there, wet, the day before—the blue-initialed handkerchief which once had served as collar for Heather.

Faith Christie must know that handkerchief the instant she should set eyes on it. It was almost as good as a note would be—if only Heather could be relied on, in this time of grim peril, to enact the trick he so often had performed for his owner's mere amusement.

GAVIN clenched the handkerchief in his convulsively shut hand and prayed.

Then, preternaturally calm, he reached forward, calling the dog to him. Again Heather thrust his head through the small aperture. With unshaking fingers Gavin Cole bound the handkerchief firmly to his collar.

"Heather!" he commanded, his voice sounding flat and queer in that low-vaulted chamber of horrors. "Heather! Take it to Mistress! To *Mistress*, Heather! *Take* it. *Quick!*"

The last word was almost a cry as the collie hesitated, unwilling to desert his human pal in dire need. But the timbre of the exclamation went through Heather's sensitive consciousness like a breath of fire.

The dog backed out of the slot between rock wall and bowlder and scrambled up the steep incline to the top.

"Take it to *Mistress*, Heather!" came Gavin's echo-distorted voice up the shaft. "*Quick!*"

The collie sped down the mountain side, no longer seeking the easier going of the road, but traveling as the crow is supposed to fly in direct line, over windfall and rock and through thicket and gully. His mighty muscles were strained to his headlong flight.

He shot through copse and thicket; he vaulted brooks; he took saggily overgrown woodland fences in his stride. Then he was on the fairly level ground of the meadow. Like a coursing greyhound, stomach to earth, he swept across it, the handkerchief flapping in the wind.

Heather knew something about that handkerchief which Gavin Cole in his excitement and in the shaft's gloom had not observed. The dog's sense of smell told him the fabric reeked of fresh blood.

During the half-minute that Cole had gripped the handkerchief in his newly gashed hand, the fast-flowing blood from a severed small vein had drenched through and through it. While he was tying it to Heather's collar, more blood from the cut finger had soaked into it. The handkerchief was a ghastly sight, with its variegated pattern of scarlet.

FAITH CHRISTIE had not slept. Her mind and her heart were too achingly full for slumber. On the preceding night she had sought out her brother in his study. He and she had talked for hours. Dawn filtered into her bedroom window, finding her wide-eyed and wakeful.

She arose and bathed and dressed and went out into the sunrise. Breakfast would not be ready for another hour. The day, for all its early coolness, promised to be hot.

On Faith's desk lay a letter she had written, long after midnight, to Gavin Cole.

It occurred to her now to get into her runabout and drive in to Regin, there to post it in time for the first morning delivery. She was cravingly eager that he get it at once. She might even stop at the Eagle Hotel and ask that it be delivered to him by hand.

Accordingly, taking along the thick letter, she went to the garage and got out her little car. As she drove it toward the main road something crashed through the privet hedge bordering the driveway and hurled itself at the moving car.

In one great bound Heather cleared the top of the low door and landed in spread-eagle fashion, half on the seat, half in his mistress's lap.

Faith brought the car to a jarring halt and stared in astonishment at her deliriously excited collie. Then, as her eyes focused on the wriggling and barking and whining and panting dog, she saw the flutter of red and white dangling from his collar.

She reached out, as revolted as she was amazed at the gruesome rag. Her fingers touched a corner of it which was emblazoned by initials in bright blue.

Faith sat thunderstruck, looking at the initials and then at the blood which soaked the handkerchief. Her inaction did not at all suit Heather. The collie bounded again from the car, trotting back a little way along the route by which he had come; then stopping and barking a peremptory summons back to her.

Before she realized what she was doing, Faith had the car in motion and was driving toward him. At her advance, Heather ran for another few hundred feet, turning again to bark his frenzied command. And across the meadow the car pursued him.

Faith was minded to get out and follow the eager dog on foot. Then she decided against it. She could not hope to keep up with Heather or indeed within sight of him, were she to walk. The stout little car was making fair speed as she guided it between the rocks and the worst inequalities of ground.

She could make far better speed—and assuredly speed was needed—was needed to the utmost—by driving as far along the dog's unknown route as a car

(*Continued on page 48*)

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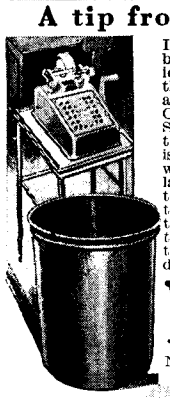

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The Valley Girl

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could travel. It would be time enough after that to make what breakneck pace she could on foot.

Thus, the collie leading and ever stopping to bark encouragement, the swaying and sadly bumped runabout came at last to the wood road at the mountain base. For some reason, or for no reason, Heather did not continue now along his former die-straight course. Perhaps he sensed that the car could not clear brooks and undergrowth as could he. For he mounted the wood road.

At first speed the car chugged upward behind him, coughing and presently boiling. Up and upward it went, Heather racing back at every curve that hid it from his view to bark impatient encouragement.

Then, at a steep upward pitch, the engine refused its task. By the time it stopped Faith was out of the car and was running up the precipitous wood road after the collie.

She had not far to travel thus. In another fifty yards Heather left the trail and bounded along a rock ledge to its left. Some rods along this ledge he came again to a halt. This time he did not bark, nor so much as turn back to look at his mistress. He vanished into the side of the ledge. His work was done, the gallant work of a gallant dog of a gallant breed.

Gavin Cole roused himself from a half stupor at sound of pattering feet above him. To the man it seemed he had been lying for many hours in his grave of rock. Between himself and the light, as he peered around the bowlder, he saw the silhouette of the huge collie.

He saw too, with sick constriction of his heart, that the handkerchief dangled still from the dog's furry throat. Evidently Heather had cruised about aimlessly, and had come back at last to revisit the stricken man.

"To blazes with this slop talk about the marvelous brain and loyalty of collies!" snarled Cole in a gust of hot rage at the smashing of his last hope for life. "Nature-faking lies, all of it! I—"

The cave entrance was darkened by a second silhouette—a figure wondrously dainty and graceful and lightly poised.

"Faith!" he croaked, dizzily. "*Faith!*"

She heard, and she hurried down the slimy incline toward him, crying out in keen distress as she saw the bowlder between them.

"Don't be frightened," he soothed her. "It's all right. If I can bother you to get back to the nearest house and telephone to my assistant to rush a wrecking crew here, they'll tunnel me out in no time. It was mighty good of you to get here so quickly. Thanks. Only, you're not to worry—"

"I'm not worrying," she denied; her voice, after that involuntary cry, firm and businesslike. "But I'm trying to figure something out. Wait."

HE COULD not see her now, for the bowlder shut her from his view. But he heard her moving about on the far side of it. Presently she went on, in the same matter-of-fact tone: "I believe I can do it. I'm almost sure I can. There'll be room. I'll be right back."

Again the entrance was darkened by her silhouette against the risen sun. She was gone, the sound of her running feet reaching the imprisoned man more and more faintly.

In a minute she was back again, lugging something in both hands. It was the jack from her car.

"I'm going to pass this through the wider space to you," she told him. "You can use it better from down there than I can. I might send the rock toppling down on you. You can dodge it, if you use the jack yourself. I've looked the stone over. If it is pried up from the left side, where the wider space is, it will either roll down to the bottom or else it will roll against the right-hand wall. It is leaning that way, you'll see. If it rolls down, you can miss it by hugging the wall. If it rolls to the right, that will give you nearly a foot more space to squeeze through. Ready?"

She passed the awkward jack to him through the slot in the rocks. Her manner was as cool as was her pleasant voice; here, in the face of actual peril even as it had been when Cole was at the convict's mercy, months agone. The man gave mute credit to her nerve and breeding.

IT WAS not difficult, guided by the flashlight's rays, to find a fulcrum stone on the rocky floor whereon to brace the jack. Gavin set to work cautiously, testing every step of the ticklish job; prearranging the necessarily lightning-quick move he must make in whichever direction the bowlder might sway when he should jack it out of its new emplacement.

Then he began to work the jack's handle. At first he strained without result at the heavy mass. As he threw into it the weight of his body and all his concentrated power, the stone gave way with tricky suddenness.

Out of its dent in the hard floor of the shaft the rock lifted itself an inch or so. Instantly gravitation resumed control over the temporarily fixed mass. Downward and sidewise lurched the huge bowlder.

But the side toward which it began to lurch was that against whose wall Gavin Cole had just flattened himself.

The flashlight showed him the initial motion of the upheaved incubus. In another fraction of a second it must have acquired full momentum and have banged against the left-hand wall as it started down the steep shaft. And between it and that wall was Gavin Cole.

As the bowlder gave its first slight tremor toward him Cole hurled himself at it with wild-cat fury, bracing his feet on the slimy left-hand wall behind him and smiting the upheaved bowlder with the whalebone force of a catapult.

The counter impetus served, if barely it served, to arrest the scarce-begun leftward trend of the mass. There was a second of uncertainty while Gavin strained his every braced muscle to shove the weight away from him.

Then, with a pitch which left the man sprawling on all fours in its wake, the bowlder leaped forward as if it were alive. Out and down it bounded. Past the tumbling Gavin it whizzed in its bumpily erratic course to the bottom of the shaft.

There was a resounding splash as it smote the pool of stagnant water. Big drops showered man and girl. A rain of tiny pebbles and a few larger stones

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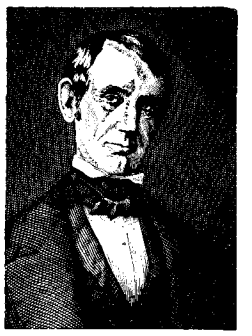

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cascaded to the flooring from walls and roof, dislodged by the jar of the bowlder's roaring descent.

"Hurry!" gasped Cole, staggering to his feet and catching Faith about the waist. "The whole roof is liable to cave in, now that it's started."

As he spoke he was making for the entrance with all speed, slipping, stumbling, bending double; propelling Faith in front of him and with one arm shielding her head from the increasing downpour of earth and stone and rubble.

It was but a few yards, yet it seemed to Gavin like one of those endless and hopeless races from Horror which one is goaded to in nightmares. Directly behind the fugitives a section of roof fell in, blinding and deafening them with its gusty crash.

Then all at once Gavin and the girl were out through the irregular entrance and on the rock slab beyond.

Above them the sun was shimmering through the green network of forest. Around was the golden peace of the upland morning. From behind belched a swirl of grayish dust.

The shaft echoed and reëchoed to crash after crash, as more and more of roof and sidewalls collapsed under the repeated impacts which had jarred them from their unshored positions.

Heather had frisked out of the cavern ahead of his human companions. Now at sound and sight of the subterranean upheavel he barked lusty defiance at the shaft's mouth until he was forced back, sneezing and choking from the dust clouds that poured forth through the entrance.

Gavin set his teeth to withstand a feeling of active nausea which swept over him as he peered back at the collapsing shaft. Faith, dead-white under her tan, was looking strangely up at him. He forced himself to speak. The supreme occasion called for memorable and eloquent and heartfelt vocal expression. He said impressively:

"I'm afraid we've lost your jack. Too bad!"

Then, for no reason and for every reason, man and maid broke into ungovernable laughter, swaying and panting in hysteric mirth, their peals of cachinnation blending with the muffled crash and slither of falling shaft walls behind them.

Gavin pulled himself up in the very middle of a guffaw. Strangely, the laughter had cleared his nerves of shock and his memory of its crass sense of horror. He was himself again.

"There isn't any way to thank you, Faith," he said, with no emotion at all. "But I think you know I realize just what I owe you. If it hadn't been for you, I'd be the central figure in that cave-in down yonder. You're—you're *fine!* If—"

"We—we seem to go meandering through life lately taking turns in rescuing each other from movie predicaments," she made answer, wiping the laughter-tears from her eyes. "It's your turn next, Gavin."

Again they began to laugh, as they stood face to face there, disheveled, grimy, smirched. All at once their laughter died. For an instant they stood thus, silent, dazed.

Then, very simply, like two little children, they kissed each other full on the mouth.

NEITHER knew then nor thereafter how it happened. It just had happened; that was all. But the kiss aroused them to its own meaning.

They drew apart, staring at each other as at strangers. Neither of them saw a dust-smeared and grotesquely rumpled vis-à-vis. Each was gazing raptly on a transfigured Olympian. Then Gavin said bewilderedly:

"I love you. You know that, don't you, Faith? I—I love you."

And the girl made answer, as bewilderedly, in banal phrase:

"Yes. I know you do. I know you love me. Because you kissed me."

This most far-fetched of all possible reasons for knowing oneself loved seemed rational to Gavin. Which describes perhaps his mental condition at the moment more vividly than could pages of rhapsody.

Fell another brief silence, shimmering, golden, unbelievable in its marvel. Then:

"And I love *you*," went on Faith, as if correcting some omission of her own. "You know that, don't you, Gavin? But perhaps you don't. I didn't know it myself till just now. But I do. I—"

The daze passed from Gavin Cole's senses. With a wordless cry he caught her to him.

At last they went back to the car, walking close together, the mystified and forgotten Heather seeking vainly to lure them into a romp with him.

"You're coming home with me, dear," said Faith. "Jeff will be back from the dam for breakfast by the time we get to the house. There are a million things that you and he and I have got to say. I wrote you some of them last night. But they're ever so much best said face to face. We've been in a hideously wretched tangle, all three of us. Half an hour will clear it up. I made Jeff understand that last evening. Even if I didn't care about you, I couldn't let you go on in the way I now know you've been going. You've got to be told, and it's got to be proved to you. Jeff has all the proof of it. The last bit came to him late yesterday. He told me about it. Come."

WILGUS BETT sat at ease and in state in his office at the Eagle Hotel. On the great man's face was a light of complete happiness. A half hour before he had signed the last document and negotiated the final touches on the most profitable deal in his prosperous career.

Bett was very happy; very well content with himself and with all the world. The work, the planning, the million details, the incessant strain of the past few months, were at an end. So was his period of too-frequent sojourn in this hole-in-a-corner mountain townlet and its atrocious hotel. Indeed, many needfully disagreeable and more disagreeably needful things were at an end.

By this time tomorrow the business world in which he moved would be applauding with envious admiration the Napoleonic greatness of Wilgus Bett. He had played a daringly magnificent game, and he had won it.

The latest of several important visitors had been ushered out of the Presence by the cryptic Smeed. For five minutes or so Bett could afford to lean back in his swivel chair, a cigar between his strong white teeth, his eyes fixed in well-earned contentment on the farther wall of his office, and could dream.

In the anteroom, Smeed was clearing out a desk, for master and man were to go back to New York that afternoon. The secretary scarcely looked up from his labors as Gavin Cole came in from the hallway.

"Good morning, Mr. Cole," said Smeed, his parchment voice crackling more aloofly than usual. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to see Bett," answered Gavin shortly as he crossed toward the door of the sacred inner office.

"I am very sorry," returned the secretary, rising and placing himself firmly between Gavin and the portal, "but Mr. Bett cannot see you at present. He left word he is not to be disturbed until—"

The secretary paused, frowning disapproval at the unimpressed visitor. He noted that Cole's face was dust-grimed; that one of his fingers was cut; that he was hatless and that his clothes were smeared with mud.

Most of all he dwelt wonderingly on a queer set look in the engineer's lean face: a look that made Cole seem at once older and less likable.

"Mr. Bett cannot see anyone," Smeed began again, "until—"

His sentence ended in a scandalized squawk.

Gavin, with no effort at all, reached out and gathered in his fist a handful of the breast of Smeed's irreproachably neat waistcoat. Then he flung the horrified secretary across the room.

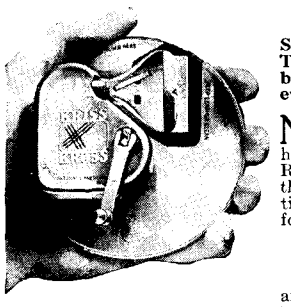
Smeed collided roughly with the wall and sat down hard. Still squawking, he got to his feet again, just in time to see Gavin open wide the door of the inner office. He saw him enter the desecrated Presence and slam the door behind him.

(*To be concluded next week*)

He Mailed a Coupon Like This

Rhodes Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-402, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligating me, please send illustrated explanation of KRISS-KROSS Stropper and your gift offer of a 3-Way razor without extra charge.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
[ ] Check here if interested in becoming representative.

—and it Brought Him 1129 Cool Shaves from One Single Blade!



SHARPENS ANY MAKE OF RAZOR BLADE

KRISS-KROSS works on practically any razor blade, single or double edge (except Durham) and puts new life into them a surprising way.

Another Triumph for KRISS-KROSS—The Amazing Shaving Invention That Makes Old Razor Blades Keener Than New! Mr. T. Liddle, of Illinois, writes:—"I have been using one of your stroppers since May, 1924. I shave every morning and am STILL ON MY FIRST BLADE!"

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Special Advertising Offer

Right now—to advertise KRISS-KROSS—we are making an exceptional offer of a surprising new kind of razor FREE to every new booster for KRISS-KROSS! This "mystery razor" is absolutely unique (really 3 razors in one) and cannot be bought in stores. Find out about it today. Send the coupon **above** for details of free offer and illustrated explanation of KRISS-KROSS. No obligation. Mail it now!

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. B-402, 1418 Pendleton Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

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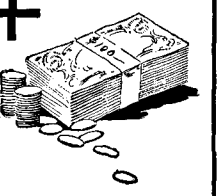
AGENTS! $30 A DAY AND UP

KRISS-KROSS pays as high as $30 a day and more to men who are willing to act as our representatives in their home localities. Spare-time workers often earn $6-$12 extra an evening. Generous bonus and commissions—requires no capital to start—and is paying others as high as $5000-$7500 a year! Investigate now! Check bottom line of coupon **above** for details. Mail it today!

PROFITS +



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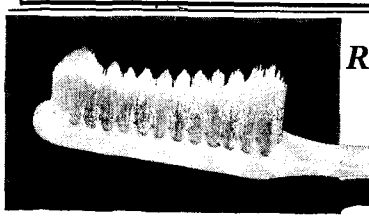
MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 14, Chicago, Ill.

L1051

GIVEN DAINTY VANITY CASE

Contains mirror and puff. Sent without charge, postpaid anywhere in the United States *except* Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida—PROVIDED you know any children or young adults with ***Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Curvature*** or ***Hip Disease.*** Send this advertisement with names of parents and complete addresses; must include street and street number, or rural route number. State clearly which one of above afflictions each patient has and their ages. ***Positively no vanity case sent unless this ad is enclosed with all information requested.*** Offer expires June 30, 1928.
McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM, 903 Aubert Ave., Dept. 857W, St. Louis, Mo.



Reaches every surface of every tooth

pro-phy-lac-tic

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, *Editorial Director*
William L. Chenery, *Editor*
Charles Colebaugh, *Managing Editor*

Character Doesn't Happen

TAKE two boys from the same home, give them as nearly as possible the same environment and equal advantages, and one may turn out to be a useful citizen and the other a forger, highwayman and murderer. Why?

Think of those Kansas City lads, high school graduates, church attendants, apparently good boys, who so recently pursued a brief and terrible career in crime on the Pacific Coast.

Wholesome-looking boys to judge them from their pictures, they might have led decent lives and won respect for honest achievement. As it turned out one of them was the fugitive in a sensational man hunt which aroused half the nation to a frenzy.

Then when he was caught the records of other crimes including other murders were unfolded. We saw a picture of boys leading apparently honorable lives until they reached the ages of 16 or 17 and then suddenly becoming reckless criminals, pitiless and as bloodthirsty as wolves made mad by hunger or the taste of blood.

In all probability one of these young criminals will be hanged and no one need regret that, however much we may generally oppose capital punishment. Some criminals are so obviously unfit to be turned loose that the quick and final disposition of their cases may be the most merciful procedure all around. Insanity certainly is no excuse for not hanging. On the contrary, if the protection of society is the object of punishment, the execution of an insane murderer is far more reasonable than the execution of a sane criminal. The man in possession of his faculties might conceivably be reformed but the insane criminal is too often beyond hope of recovery.

It would, however, be an even greater tragedy if the public interest in the savage Los Angeles kidnapper should evaporate with his execution or imprisonment. For unique as he is in the ferocity of his crime, he is also in other respects typical since the motives which led him to crime are common and the conditions which rendered his crimes temporarily successful are all but universal.

The Kansas City boys turned to crime because they wanted money. Wanting money is not peculiar but they had no effectual scruples against any means of acquiring it.

Lincoln created both opportunity and character

The Price of Progress

IT WAS easy at first for boys of good reputation to escape the suspicion of the police.

Modern invention smooths the path for the criminal. The congestion of cities gives him the chance to escape attention. This is an inevitable part of mechanical progress.

We can't give up the telephone because criminals sometimes use it nor can we abandon railroads or automobiles because they afford quick means of retreat, or of attack, to the unscrupulous. We may however be driven by congestion to the European system of police registration so that every man and woman may account for himself and herself.

The important obligation is to find ways of strengthening the character so that even though the need for money is pressing and even though crime seems to offer a facile way to riches, there may be courage and sense enough to resist the temptation and the opportunity.

This is no light problem, for, while the young people of this generation are at least as good as their recent predecessors, the ethical standards of peoples of all ages are swiftly changing.

Men and women who twenty years ago considered smoking of dubious morality now boast of their bootleggers. The increase in prosperity has been accompanied by a new emphasis on material comforts and pleasures which in itself is not to be despised. But comfort, luxury or material welfare gained by sacrifice of character is abominable.

Self-control is the greatest of all virtues. A man becomes a champion or an artist because he has self-control enough to take punishment or to work under difficulties. One attains nobility of character only as the vagrant impulses of nature are mastered and directed.

Moving about as we do now, we are not made to behave by the censorious eye or tongue of the neighbors. Never before has individual character been so vitally necessary.

Virtue Must Be Sought

THIS does not mean a flaunting parade of copy-book maxims before the young. Children are too intelligent for that. They fashion their habits and their ideals on what they see done more than on what they hear preached.

If, therefore, we want to escape the evils of a generation whose objective is material comfort and whose aspiration is the pursuit of pleasure, we shall have to look to ourselves.

If we play golf or drive an automobile or merely idle on Sunday instead of going to church, we must either find some other source of morality as fruitful as the church or see character suffer.

Truth, honesty, temperance, fairness, charity, self-control have to be learned. Learning to tell the truth is as hard as learning mathematics or learning to fly. Virtue has to be sought and it won't be learned unless it is desired.

A Lindbergh develops a fine character and becomes a veritable Sir Galahad to all nations. Other boys with equally good opportunities from a material standpoint fail to acquire ideals and aspirations, standards of honor and standards of taste, and in the great herd of life they are nothing or worse than nothing. Now as always pleasure is desirable but character is infinitely better.

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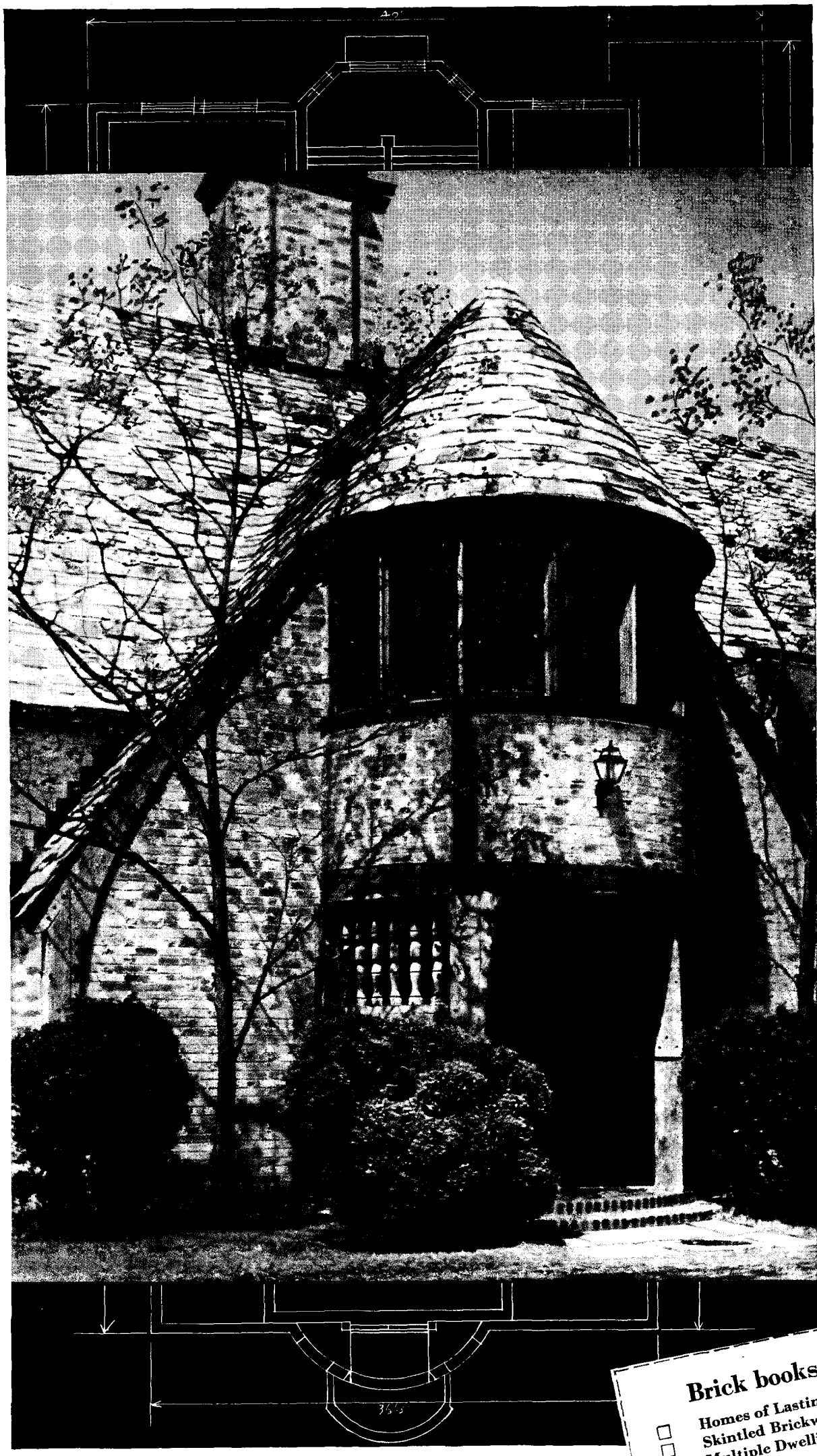

Beauty
that defies time

RAIN, snow and sleet cannot harm burned clay. The lapse of time cannot injure the natural tints and surface texture that are burned into common brick. On the contrary, brick grows old gracefully, mellowing with the years, its beauty and charm enhancing with age. ¶¶ Everything inflammable, or that can decay, has been *burned out of brick before it is laid*; permanent beauty has been burned in. Variations in shade are as innumerable as the minerals of which it is composed, and each unit varies sufficiently in size and line to lend interest to the entire wall. ¶¶ Rough antique effects may be produced by many methods of laying, including "skintled" work; or common brick may be inexpensively whitened, the gradual wearing away of the single coat adding to the desired appearance of age. ¶¶ The cost of brick walls is but little, if any, higher than less durable construction. This low cost, plus permanence, with no upkeep expense, makes brick the best building investment. A brick home lasts longest, and enjoys highest resale value.

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These District Association Offices and Brick Manufacturers Everywhere

Boston	11 Beacon Street
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Cleveland, Ohio, Association	2124 Guarantee Title Bldg.
Denver	1735 Stout St.
Detroit	400 U. S. Mortgage Trust Bldg.
Hartford	226 Pearl St.
New York City	1716 Grand Central Terminal Bldg.
Norfolk	112 West Plume St.
Philadelphia	121 N. Broad St.
Pittsburgh	702 First National Bank Bldg.
Raleigh, N. C.	508 Commercial National Bank Bldg.
Salt Lake City	301 Atlas Block
Seattle, Wash.	913 Arcade Bldg.

The Common Brick Manufacturers Association of America
2122 Guarantee Title Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Write for "Homes of Lasting Charm", an interesting book of 120 practical small homes, actually built and lived in by satisfied owners. It includes floor plans and suggestions for beautifying garden and grounds.

Brick books for your use

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☐ The Heart of the Home (Fireplaces)	25c

Check above books wanted, or send $1.00 for all of these books

BRICK *forever*

PREFERRED BY ARCHITECTS

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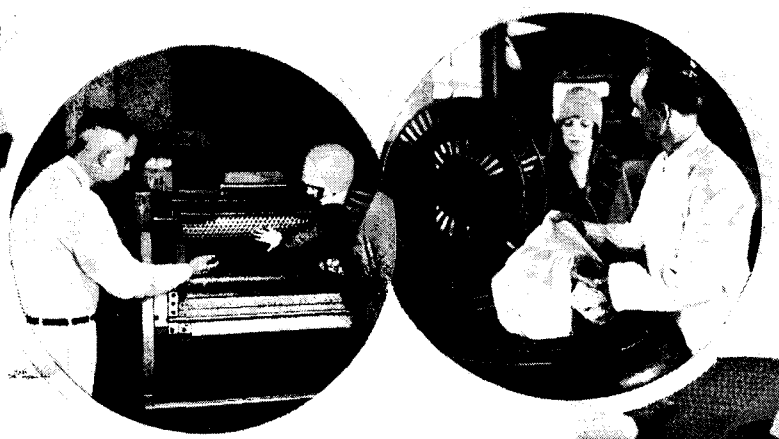
Laundry-washed clothes last longer

. . . *because* the rainsoft water modern laundries use, plus many purifying baths and rinses, completely removes every trace of fabric-destroying dirt ♣ Rubbing is eliminated by cylinder washers which dissolve dirt by gently swishing creamy suds and rainsoft water through every fabric pore ♣ Remarkable spinning baskets extract the water from the clothes without injuring a single thread ♣ And ironing equipment, delicate enough to smooth wet tissue paper without tearing, is but another of the numerous advancements that characterize present-day laundries ♣ *Visit a modern laundry* ♣ Then you will understand why millions of home-makers now depend upon fabric-saving laundry methods for relief from irksome washday toil ♣

The LAUNDRY / *does it best*

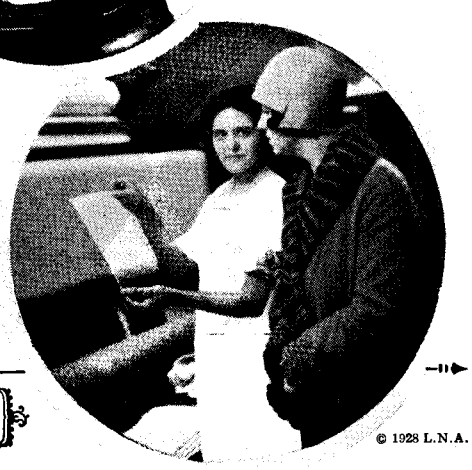
Why Laundry-washed clothes last longer

First—Only mild soap and softened, filtered water are used for cleansing clothes. To avoid rubbing, modern laundries bathe and rinse the average washing in more than 600 gallons of purifying water. *Second*—Whirling basket wringers dry clothes to ironing dampness without injuring a single thread or fibre. *Third*—Gigantic ironers smooth out clothes with child-like gentleness—delicately handling even sheerest fabrics safely.



Water is extracted from clothes in spinning baskets like this—without damage to fabric.

The inside surfaces of this washer are smooth as glass.



The ironer handles clothes as safely as it smooths delicate sheets of damp tissue.

Watch for $50,000 Prize Winners

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many *individualized* services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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